The Outlook

Volume 82 Saturday, March 24, 1906 Number 12

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

The Consular Service 621
Chicago's Traction Victory 622
The Dalrymple Report 623
Governor Pennypacker's Veto 624
The Battle with the Moro Outlaws 625
Forestry in Idaho 626
Forestry in the East 626
Responsibility for Drunkards' Crimes 627
College Men and City Government 628
Susan B. Anthony 628
For Family and Home 630
The Carnegie Institution 630
The Pan-American and Hague Conferences 631
Porto Rican Coffee 632
José Maria de Pereda 632

EDITORIALS

A Lenten Meditation 633
The Situation in China 634
Corporations and the Supreme Court 636
Wilhelm Gericke 637
The Spectator 639
Industrial Democracy 642

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

Miner and Operator 643
By Frank Julian Warne
John Mitchell: The Man the Miners Trust 657
By Walter E. Weyl
Wrecking 663
By Harold J. Howland
The First Commissioner of Corporations 676
By Gaillard Hunt
After (Poem) 680
By Florence E. Coates
The Forest Primeval 681
By Philip W. Ayres
The Good Earth (Poem) 692
By Charles G. D. Roberts
A Country that has Used Up its Trees 693
By Eliot Blackwelder
√A Fools' Paradise 701
By Arthur H. Smith
The Odor of the Ointment (Story) 707
By Zona Gale
COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS 715

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The fourth issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of The Outlook discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

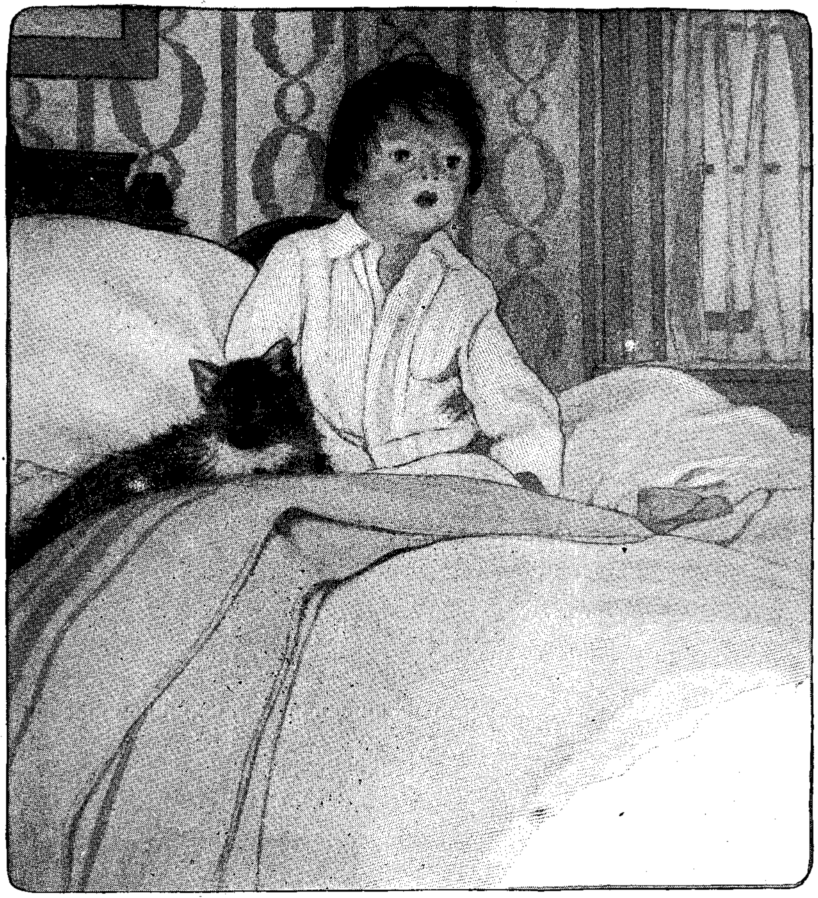
LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

Copyright, 1906, by the Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



Let your boy make a playground of his bed, if he wants to.

Let him have his cat or his dog or his toys with him.

What difference does it make, anyhow? Blankets are durable; and easily cleaned —if you go about it in the right way.

The best time to wash them is on a warm, sunny, breezy day in spring.

The best way to wash them is with Ivory Soap.

Follow the directions given below and your blankets will be as clean and soft and fluffy as when you bought them:

First, shake out the dust, then soak them in warm suds of Ivory Soap for thirty minutes. Work them up and down in the water, squeeze them against the side of the tub, and put them through the wringer, loosely adjusted, into another strong suds of the same temperature as the first. Stir about and soak for ten minutes, stretch soiled parts over a smooth surface, and rub with a brush, using a little of a solution of Ivory Soap cut up and dissolved in hot water. Rinse in several warm waters—or until both blanket and water are clean—then hang to dry in the open air. Hang the blankets so that they will dry straight. When perfectly dry, rub the surface with a soft flannel cloth and hang them near a stove or in a warm room for several hours. For each pair of blankets, allow a half cake of Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap—99$\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

The Outlook

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1906

❀

The Consular Service as It Is

The duty of our Consular Service is to enhance American interests and prestige abroad. In the vast majority of cases these interests are commercial; in certain instances they are diplomatic also. At present the famous, or rather infamous, doctrine, "To the victor belong the spoils," still holds unnecessary sway in consular appointments. It has two inevitable results: first, candidates have too often been appointed, not because of their fitness in character and attainments to represent their country abroad, but because of a particular party service at home; secondly, changes in Presidential administration bring wholesale changes in the Consular Service. As to lack of character, we have seen what has happened when consuls have "found themselves in remote Eastern ports, where there was not much that made life attractive, where there was very little supervision over them, and yet great temptation," to quote President Roosevelt's words last week to the delegates in attendance at the National Consular Reform Convention at Washington. As to lack of attainments, our consuls in general have not been conspicuous by reason of their knowledge of languages, of international law, or even of trade conditions at home and abroad. If unfitness in the appointees and lack of permanency of tenure seem the greatest evils of our present system, a third is found in the haphazard method of payment, whether by salary or fee: most consulates are underpaid; a very few are disproportionately paid. As Mr. Roosevelt says: "We cannot keep the service as high as it should be kept unless we have adequate salaries. Remember that the dearest kind of public servant is a servant who is paid so cheaply that he must render cheap service." Salaries could have been increased without adding to the cost of the service if, instead of an undeviating fee for authenticating or legalizing invoices, we had a system of graded fees; the foreign producer who sends to us a shipment valued at a hundred dollars pays just the same amount for having his invoices legalized as does a shipper who sends a hundred-thousand-dollar shipment. Of course in such an unscientific consular service there is no provision for old-age pensions. A few of our present consuls, who have been continued in office through Presidential changes, are, because of advanced age, somewhat incapacitated to perform their required duties. Nor is there any system by which consular officers who do not reach a specified grade by the time they have reached a certain age are dropped from the service, or any by which those are dropped whose record for efficiency does not reach a certain standard.

❀

The Consular Service as It Should Be

Ours has thus been an uneven consular service; its only excuse is that it grew out of conditions when we were expending all our energies at home. During recent years, however, definite executive efforts have been made towards amelioration. Secretary Blaine tried to secure the appointment of well-equipped men. President Cleveland rendered conspicuous service in providing for the examination of certain candidates, and President Roosevelt an even greater in extending the scope of Mr. Cleveland's order and in systematically purging the consular service. No Secretaries of State have been friendlier to reform than Secretaries Hay and Root. The latter, through Senator Lodge, recently submitted a consular reform bill to Congress which, in its entirety, ought to pass that body, since it asks, not for a full, but only for a modest measure of reform. Among other things, it provides for an examination of all candidates for appointment, particularly in connection with their knowledge of commercial affairs and foreign languages; a recall within one year of every officer now in the consular service for the purpose of re-examination to ascertain his fitness to remain in the service; a classification and grading of all consular positions, defined by the salaries paid; a payment of all fees into the United States Treasury; a power to promote consuls on merit from lower to higher grades, and to transfer consuls from one post to another in the same grade without making new nominations to Congress; and the appointment of consular inspectors, whose duty should be to visit biennially every consulate. The Senate, eliminating the clauses providing for examination and promotion, passed the rest of the bill. The House Committee has eliminated the clause providing for transference. While chagrined at this loss, Senator Lodge declared to the National Consular Reform Convention last week, in part in the language of The Outlook on the same subject some time ago: "I accept half a loaf when I cannot get a whole one. Let us get this bill through if we can, and then we can provide for further improvement as the service develops." Representative Adams, the champion of consular reform in the House, urged the Convention not to expect ideal legislation, but to do two things immediately: to bring power enough to bear on the Speaker so that he will allow the bill to come up, and individually to bring pressure on the Representatives. Secretary Root also advised in like manner. Accordingly, the Convention in a body, after visiting the President, called upon Speaker Cannon, and put itself on record by adopting, among others, the following resolution:

> It is the opinion of the constituent bodies of this Convention that the consular service of the United States should be recognized as provided for in Senate bill 1,345, introduced by Senator Lodge December 11, 1905. Every feature of that bill is, in the judgment of the business organizations of the country, most essential and in harmony with the growing need of the United States.

Chicago's Great Traction Victory

The city of Chicago won an important victory before the Supreme Court of the United States last week when that tribunal handed down a decision holding the so-called ninety-nine-year act not to bear the interpretation placed upon it by the companies. This act, passed in 1865 by the Illinois Legislature, extended from twenty-five to ninety-nine years the corporate life of the Chicago City Railway, Chicago West Division, and North Chicago City Railway companies, operating in the south, west, and north divisions, respectively, of the city of Chicago. The act also contained a clause extending "during the life hereof" the contracts or licenses to occupy the streets of Chicago made a few years before by the City Council for twenty-five-year periods. This clause was understood at the time to extend the life of the franchises to occupy the streets from twenty-five to ninety-nine years, and was vetoed by Governor Oglesby for that reason, and passed over the veto. The companies have always contended that such was the effect of the legislation, and their contention was squarely upheld by Judge Grosscup. The city, on the other hand, has steadily refused to recognize the validity of the ninety-nine-year act, and the companies, as a matter of fact, have never rested their right to operate on that act alone, but have always had, in addition, Council authority. In 1883, when the twenty-five-year grants made in 1858 should have expired according to the terms of the Council ordinance, the Council passed blanket twenty-year extension ordinances, with the stipulation that neither the companies nor the city thereby waived the right at the expiration of the period to claim that the act was or was not valid, as suited the interests of the respective parties. With the expiration of the twenty-year period in 1903 the ninety-nine-year act again became a live issue.

❀

The Effect on the Street Railways

On April 22, 1903, the Union Traction Company, operating in the west and north divisions of the city, was placed in the hands of receivers named by Judge Grosscup, of the Federal Circuit Court, on a creditors' bill, on the petition of persons believed to represent New York holdings of traction stock. Then began the litigation to determine the rights of the companies, which resulted in the decision of last week. Judge Grosscup held that the clause on which the decision turned could have no meaning unless it was intended to extend for ninety-nine years the franchises of the companies. The Supreme Court did not pretend to interpret the clause or give it meaning. That body merely said that the clause "during the life hereof" as used in the act was ambiguous; that corporate privileges can be held to be granted as against public rights only when conferred in plain and explicit terms. Therefore the act in question merely extended the corporate life of the companies, and did not operate to lengthen their franchise rights in the streets. In other words, the men who secured the legislation of 1865, in their desire to accomplish their object without clearly stating it, failed through timidity to make the language strong enough to satisfy the Supreme Court that the act really did encompass the purpose intended. The decision ought to have a healthy influence in promoting clearness of statement in all future legislation of this sort. Notice has been served that corporations desiring important privileges must secure the same in language so plain that the people can readily understand the nature of the grant conferred. Financiers had attached much importance to a legal opinion of the late Benjamin Harrison that the interpretation placed upon the act by the companies was the correct one; therefore they were not prepared for the decision given by the Supreme Court. This ruling deprives the companies of their most important weapon in their fight with the city, and the prices of traction securities naturally dropped rapidly on the stock markets. The City Railway was not a party to the litigation, but the decision, of course, is applicable to that company. Under the Court's ruling the companies together have only about two hundred miles left, the franchises to which in no case run longer than ten years. This is a disjointed mileage, mostly for outlying lines. The franchises for about five hundred miles of single-track road have expired or are terminable by city purchase, so that the city now is in an excellent position to dominate the situation. In the north division the grants have expired absolutely. In the case of most of the south and west side lines, under the terms of the original ordinances, the companies have the right to operate until the city shall elect to purchase the tangible property at an arbitrated valuation. Naturally, the companies will be allowed to go on operating by sufferance for a considerable time yet, as they have been doing heretofore as to a number of lines the grants for which expired by limitation on July 30, 1903.

❀

The Dalrymple Report on Municipal Ownership A reading of the full text of Mr. James Dalrymple's report to Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, on municipal ownership of street railways, made public last week by the Chicago City Council, does not alter the opinion expressed editorially in The Outlook in the issue for the 24th of June, 1905, which is based on the reports of interviews with Mr. Dalrymple at the time of his visit. What Mr. Dalrymple has to say, both in the original report and in the supplementary notes, concerning the working of municipal ownership and operation in Glasgow is of undoubted value. In telling what this Scottish city has done, and, in particular, in reporting the financial results of its municipal undertaking, Mr. Dalrymple speaks as an expert; but in expressing his views as to the fitness of American municipalities for establishing either municipal ownership or municipal operation of street railways Mr. Dalrymple speaks, not as an expert, but as an observer. As regards the practical results of ownership and operation in Glasgow, Mr. Dalrymple makes it clear that the undertaking is an undoubted success. He also makes it clear that the methods in vogue there are different in detail from those which could in all probability be adopted in this country. His suggestions for the organization of a department to operate street railways deserve careful consideration. They range all the way from the suggestions for the organization of the executive staff, and devices for insuring the payment of fare, to suggestions on arrangements for the comfort, safety, and insurance of the employees. His suggestion, on the one hand, for the policy which Chicago ought to adopt should be considered with great caution. As is indicated in previous paragraphs, the situation with regard to the franchises of the street railway in that city has just been changed by a court decision. Moreover, Mr. Dalrymple's judgment as to the fitness of American cities for municipal ownership cannot have the weight that his statements as an expert on the Glasgow undertaking necessarily have. It is, besides, noteworthy that Mr. Dalrymple neglects to make any distinction between municipal ownership and municipal operation. Mr. Dalrymple's objections, however they are to be regarded, are directed against municipal operation in American cities, not against municipal ownership. It is to be remembered that the issue in Chicago, as in other cities of the United States, is one not of municipal operation but of municipal ownership.

❀

Governor Pennypacker's Veto of Railway Probing Resolutions

Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, has vetoed both resolutions passed by the recent special session of the Legislature of that Commonwealth directing an inquiry into the affairs and relations to coal-mining of the railroads of that State. The Garner resolution provided for a special commission to inquire into the affairs of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company; while the Creasy resolution directed the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania to investigate the relations of the railroads of that State to the coal-mining industry, in view of the constitutional prohibition aiming to prevent railroads from engaging either directly or indirectly in coal-mining. The Governor's reason for the veto is to the effect that the subjects treated in these resolutions were not germane to the objects expressed in his call for the special session. The adoption of the resolutions by the Legislature has served a useful purpose, however, in calling to the attention of the public important facts bearing on the relation of the hard-coal-carrying railroads to the anthracite industry, which are likely to have a reactive effect upon the coming regular session of the Pennsylvania Legislature and may result in action along this line, unless the investigation now in progress under the direction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission attains the object sought. A general summary of the more important facts dealing with this problem was presented in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" of March 5. The writer of the "Ledger's" article points out the constitutional provisions in question, and, in clearly explaining the intricate corporate organization of the "Reading system," shows how, in the opinion of that writer, the constitutional enactments of a sovereign State are set at naught in letter as well as in the spirit and intent of the will of the people. One of the most telling and convincing points in this article is summarized as follows: "As President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, Mr. Baer makes the rates for the transportation over his railroad of the coal mined by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, of which he is also President. As President of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, Mr. Baer makes the rates for the transportation over that railroad of the coal mined by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, of which he is also President. In other words, Mr. Baer as President of the coal-mining companies receives rates from himself, although under the legal distinction as President of the railroad companies." All four of the above-mentioned companies, as well as more than seventy-five other distinct corporations, are owned by the Reading Company through the possession of a majority and in some cases of all of their capital stock. The "Ledger" article also shows that the Reading system is controlled, through ownership of stock, by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which latter also controls the more important soft-coal-carrying railroads, such as the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, and others. In view of the statement of the writer of the "Ledger" article that "through corporate creatures of the State there has grown up a 'system' which not only controls absolutely the present output of hard coal, but has within its grasp almost the entire future supply of anthracite in Pennsylvania, thus permitting a small group of men to levy a tribute upon this and succeeding generations through every ton of coal consumed," The Outlook is of the opinion that the investigation of the Inter-State Commerce Commission into the relation of the railroads to coal-mining is one of the most important public duties ever committed to an investigating body. We hope that the Commission will be able to suggest to the Federal Government some practical way out of the present intolerable situation of corporate taxation of the people without their representation and consent. Important results bearing upon the general situation are expected to flow out of the reopening of the case of William Randolph Hearst vs. the anthracite-carrying railroads, which was postponed about a year ago to await action on issues involved in a suit before the United States Supreme Court, and which case has now been set for a hearing in Washington on March 29.

❀

The Battle with the Moro Outlaws In the account in The Outlook of the engagement in the island of Jolo between United States troops and a band of Moro outlaws who were defying the authority both of the Sultan of Jolo and that of the United States, the fact that the Moro loss of about six hundred killed included many women and children was stated without comment for the very good reason that at the time of writing no detailed and satisfactory account of this matter had reached this country. It is perfectly natural that the news of the killing by American soldiers of women and children should be received with profound regret, but the character of the American soldier and the purposes and methods of our Government in the East are such that to condemn unsparingly without knowledge (as was done by some newspapers and individuals) was on the face of it reckless and unreasonable. We have now General Wood's own account of the matter, sent in response to the cable request of the War Department. General Wood points out that these Moros were not only outlaws against every Government, but were Mohammedan fanatics of the most extreme kind, who believed that death at the hands of the infidel means immediate paradise. They neither gave nor received quarter, but fought to the last extremity in their intrenched stronghold. Even when American nurses and surgeons attempted to aid the wounded Moros, the latter, at the last gasp, tried to kill their rescuers. With this band were a number of women and children. General Wood's statement as to the death of the women and children is as follows:

> I was present throughout practically entire action, and inspected top of crater after action was finished. Am convinced no man, woman, or child was wantonly killed. A considerable number of women and children were killed in the fight—number unknown, for the reason that they were actually in the works when assaulted, and were unavoidably killed in the fierce hand-to-hand fighting which took place in the narrow inclosed spaces. Moro women wore trousers, and were dressed and armed much like the men, and charged with them. The children were in many cases used by the men as shields while charging troops.
>
> These incidents are much to be regretted, but it must be understood that the Moros, one and all, were fighting not only as enemies, but as religious fanatics, believing paradise to be their immediate reward if killed in action with Christians. They apparently desired that none be saved. Some of our men (one a hospital steward) were cut up while giving assistance to wounded Moros, by the wounded and by those feigning death for the purpose of getting this vengeance. I personally ordered assistance given to wounded Moros, and that food and water should be sent them and medical attendance. In addition, friendly Moros were at once directed to proceed to the mountain for this purpose.

General Wood further pointed out that in all former actions against the Moros the latter have been begged again and again "to fight as men and keep women and children out of it," and that in this case it was impossible for men who were fighting for their lives at close quarters to distinguish who would be injured by their fire. In transmitting General Wood's despatch to the President, Secretary Taft declares that it shows most clearly that the unfortunate loss of life of men, women, and children among the Moros was wholly unavoidable. President Roosevelt evidently holds the same view, for in replying to Secretary Taft he says that General Wood's answer is entirely satisfactory; and as to the military operation itself, adds that "the officers and enlisted men have performed a most gallant and soldierly feat that places added credit on the American army."

❀

Forestry in Idaho The establishment by the Federal Government of forestry reserves has been attended with a well-nigh unanimously favorable feeling on the part of the citizens of the States affected. Here and there, however, as in Minnesota and Idaho, misconceptions and misunderstandings have arisen. In the latter State these have had as their spokesman United States Senator Heyburn, who in the Senate has now formally stated the grounds for his discontent. He claims that vast agricultural and mineral lands have been included in the forest reserves to the detriment of farmers, miners, and prospectors; that the forest service claims discretion as to whether land is more valuable for mineral, agricultural, or forestry purposes (this, we would interpolate, is only until evidence to the contrary is produced); that the Land Department circular prevents prospectors and miners from exercising their rights; that cattlemen have requested the Government to make forest reserves out of land purely for grazing purposes for their personal benefit, and that forest reserves are being created that have no forests in them in order to facilitate grazing and grazing privileges to those fortunate enough to get contracts for them. Replying to his colleague, Senator Dubois, of Idaho, declared that not one-tenth of one per cent. of the fourteen million acres now or hereafter to be in forest reserves is agricultural land; that there is nothing to prevent a prospector from going anywhere on a forest reserve, for the Land Department circular applied to miners and not to prospectors; that no reserve has been created out of grazing grounds for the purpose of privately benefiting cattlemen, but that the Idaho graziers, except perhaps a few large sheep-owners, favor the reserves, because by the system the number of permits is held down so that the range is not destroyed by over-grazing but is preserved from one year to another; that one company alone owns half a million acres of the best white pine timber in the world, nearly all located in northern Idaho, and will cut off the timber, destroying the forests which the people of the State would preserve for themselves and posterity; that in southern Idaho the limit of water supply has been reached, for there is not enough water to irrigate the lands where ditches have been built; that forest reserves are absolutely necessary to conserve the water supply; that the design of the forest reserve is to make it easy for the citizens of its region to get timber, to mine, and to do business on the reserve, thus using and at the same time preserving the forest; and that this policy is especially applicable to a State in which during the past half-century one-third of the forest has been burned, destroying four hundred million dollars' worth of lumber. The people of the whole country are interested with those of Idaho in the matter, for the main spur of the Rocky Mountains passes through the State and forms a watershed with evident importance to all our Western country.

❀

The Joint Eastern Forest Reserve Bill A bill is pending in Congress, calling for an appropriation of three million dollars, to establish two reserves in the East—the White Mountain and the Appalachian Reserves. The appropriation is to be expended in the ratio of two for the Southern to one for the Northern. The advantages to be obtained by creating these two reserves have been often stated in The Outlook. The objections raised by some Congressmen, however, are: 1. That the States themselves should take the necessary action. 2. That the policy on the part of the Federal Government of appropriations to the several States for this purpose opens a well to which there is no bottom. 3. That the Western reservations were set aside from Government lands, but the Eastern reservations would involve appropriations for their purchase. 4. That the condition of the Treasury does not permit this expenditure at present. 5. That the purchase of land by the Federal Government in the several States involves a new policy, and Constitutional questions of States' rights. We would therefore restate the infinitely preponderating advantages. The objecting Congressmen need to realize: 1. That no effective system can be carried out by seven or eight State Legislatures acting independently, nor can the less wealthy agricultural States, having no large cities, afford to set aside large portions of land to protect the waterflow in other States. 2. That in reserving the watersheds in the White Mountains and the Southern Appalachian Mountains, as proposed, together with the Western reserves already established, the headwaters of the leading rivers in the country flowing into other States are covered. These two reservations meet the case as regards waterflow. 3. That setting aside a reservation in the West withdraws the land and timber from sale, and affects the Treasury as directly as an appropriation. The cost falls upon the country, and there is no difference in principle. 4. That the Treasury is in as good condition now as at any time. There is always the cry of insufficient funds. The measure will pass this session if Congressmen feel that the people want it. 5. That the Federal Government holds, not only the National parks and forest reservations in nearly every one of the Western States—a policy that is no longer "new"—but also military and other reservations in the East, like those at West Point and Gettysburg. Each of the Eastern States in which the proposed reservations will be located has passed laws enabling the United States to purchase lands for forest purposes within its borders. The general welfare clause of the Constitution was inserted in order to cover such cases, in which action by the separate State Legislatures cannot be effective. The need for prompt action is very great, as will be seen by a reference to Mr. Ayres's article on "The Forest Primeval" published in this issue. Through the advance in prices every year of delay will cost a million dollars more in money, besides the increasing destruction from floods and erosion and the inexcusable waste of timber. Let every one to whom this matter appeals (and why should it not be of universal appeal?) write to his Representative and Senators urging that the reservations in the White Mountains and the Southern Appalachian Mountains be established at *this* session of Congress.

❀

Responsibility for Drunkards' Crimes

The Supreme Court of Kansas has recently announced an interesting decision in an unusual case involving the responsibility of liquor-sellers for crimes committed by drunkards. The case, which was appealed from the district court of Atchison County, was brought under the provisions of a statute permitting a suit for damages to lie against any person who shall, "by selling, bartering, or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication" which resulted in injury to person or property or the loss of means of support. One Sunday in 1900 three men visited a brewery on the outskirts of Atchison and became intoxicated on liquor furnished from it. In a fight that followed one of them killed the other two. He was convicted of murder and was sent to the Kansas penitentiary under sentence of death, which, in accordance with the Kansas custom, means imprisonment for life. His wife brought suit for $5,000 against the owners of the brewery to reimburse her for the loss of her means of support through her husband's imprisonment. The decision of the district court was in her favor. In upholding the action of the lower court and sustaining the validity of the law the Supreme Court says: "It was known to the Legislature, as it is to all other persons, that the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage makes drunkards; that an intoxicated person is likely to inflict injury on others at the cost of his liberty, possibly his life; that he habitually neglects his business and family; that the harm resulting from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors always falls most pitilessly upon the dependents of the user, not infrequently pauperizing himself and family. The idea naturally suggested itself to the Legislature that if the sellers of intoxicants were made liable to those who should sustain injury to person or property or means of support by an intoxicated person, or in consequence of intoxication, the hazard would be so great that fewer persons would engage in the business, and those who would engage in it would exercise more caution. The Legislature, therefore, gave a cause of action and created a liability for these injuries where none existed at common law." It will be observed that, although the liquor traffic in Kansas is prohibited by a constitutional provision, the State Legislature nevertheless recognized its existence and sought to impose additional restrictions upon it through the statute just cited.

⁂

College Men and City Government

One of the most promising signs of improvement in public life is the change which seems to be taking place in the political interest of college students. The character of this change is indicated by the organization last week of the Intercollegiate League of Civic Clubs. The meeting in New York at which this League was organized was attended by delegates representing thirteen colleges. Later the college men visited President Roosevelt, and in a conference of two hours had the benefit of his enthusiasm and experience. The movement has had the aid of the President from its inception. The clubs themselves are of recent origin. Until lately political clubs in the colleges were of two categories: those which were devoted to some political propaganda, as, for instance, the promotion of tariff reform; and those, necessarily ephemeral, devoted to the support of the Presidential candidates of various parties. Neither class of organizations has any very intimate relation to the college student's real interest; the one was hardly more than a badge which announced its members' more or less immature economic convictions, the other little more than an opportunity for participating in torchlight processions. These new clubs, on the other hand, are formed for the study of municipal government and for the encouragement of participation in municipal affairs. Groups of college men have already lent their influence to movements on behalf of efficient city government; the last Jerome campaign in New York, for instance, was greatly benefited by the college men who gave their services. Moreover, the study of sociology and kindred subjects in the colleges is equipping college students for practical participation in municipal affairs. The old tendency of college life to be apart from the world, to be in fact a life in a world of itself, is diminishing, and through college settlements and other mediums college undergraduates are more than ever concerned with the world of men in which the colleges are placed. For generations English university life has been a preparation for participation in English public life, and as Parliamentary government in England penetrates the common life of the people very much more than the legislative forms of government in this country, the political experiments of English undergraduates have been in Parliamentary form. In the United States the situation is different. Here democracy seems to find its most obstinate difficulties in the cities; and yet it is the city government or other forms of local government which affect most intimately the life of the American people. This, therefore, is a most wholesome and promising movement that is taking place in the colleges. It is not unreasonable to hope that by means of it men of intellectual equipment and wide interests, such as college men ought to be, will soon be rendering to municipal democracy in America a service similar in proportion to that which they have rendered in the history of Parliamentary government in England.

⁂

Susan B. Anthony

The death of Miss Susan B. Anthony, at her home in Rochester on Tuesday of last week, ended a career of extraordinary length and sustained energy. Born in

Adams, Massachusetts, in 1820, of a Quaker family, Miss Anthony began her "schooling" in a little district school in Washington County, New York. Her inability to learn "long division" led her father to set apart a room over his store for a private school, employ his own teachers, and select the pupils. In this school Miss Anthony continued until she was fifteen years old, when she herself began teaching, at a salary of $1.50 a week and her board. She was at that time a Puritan of the Puritans, and in a letter to a friend expressed her indignation that President Van Buren should attend two theaters in New York, "encouraging one of the most heinous crimes or practices with which our country is disgracing herself, and afterward we find him rioting at the wine-table the whole livelong night." The crudity of judgment of early youth and the lack of perspective which prompted some of Miss Anthony's early ethical opinions yielded later to a larger knowledge of men and a broader conception of life. In 1852 she was teaching in Rochester, and had already plunged with heart and soul into the temperance and anti-slavery movements. In 1848 the first Woman's Rights Convention met in Rochester, and Miss Anthony's parents became enthusiastic supporters of the movement. She was in full sympathy with the demand of equal civil rights for women, but not yet convinced of the need of suffrage. On a visit at Seneca Falls in 1852 she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was to be her lifelong friend; later she met Miss Lucy Stone, and her public life dates from that year. In the summer of 1852 she canvassed the State as an advocate of the women's temperance movement, and in the autumn of the same year she attended for the first time the Woman's Rights Convention at Syracuse, and became a convinced advocate of that movement. Her first efforts were in the lines of practical amelioration of the condition of women, and she was largely instrumental in securing the passing of a law through the Legislature of New York providing that married women should be entitled to the wages they earned and to an equal guardianship of their children. During this period she dressed in the "bloomer" fashion, but had the good sense and good taste to discard it later. In 1858 she made a report in a teachers' convention in favor of co-education. She was an earnest anti-slavery speaker in the years before the war, and during its continuance devoted herself chiefly to the Women's Loyal League. In season and out of season, wherever opportunity offered, she agitated in favor of woman's suffrage, and proposed bills and amendments and presented petitions to various legislatures. A small fortune which she received in 1882 was largely spent in the publication of a "History of Woman Suffrage" in four immense volumes, which she placed without charge in twelve hundred public libraries and presented in great numbers to colleges, schools, and influential persons. The publication of these books involved not only a great expenditure of money, but an immense amount of labor, to both of which Miss Anthony made unstinted contribution.

❀

Her Personality Miss Anthony has been, on the whole, the most prominent leader in the woman's suffrage movement, and has been before the public a full half-century. She has spoken in almost all parts of the United States, and until within a very few months retained her vigor of body, and until the end her vigor of mind. For many years she passed through a constant storm of ridicule and sometimes of abuse; and her angular figure and face lent themselves easily to caricature. She looked the typical woman suffragist of the popular imagination of forty years ago; she was, on the contrary, a woman of a great deal of charm of nature. Vivacious, overflowing with humor, kindly, and singularly unselfish, her hand, her means, and her thought were always at the command of the cause she loved and the people in whom she was interested. Her life was a long devotion; and, whatever may be thought of the cause to which she gave the greater part of it, no one can question its entire consecration, its penetration by the highest ethical impulses, its unfailing courage, and its unshaken faith. As an advocate of an unpopular cause she was indefatigably earnest and persuasive, appealing to reason rather than using gifts of eloquence, in which she was easily surpassed by many of her co-workers. She was quick and adroit in statement and always in command of her intellectual resources. She never seemed to harbor any resentment toward those who heaped ridicule upon her; and she had a delightful way of recalling, with touches of humor, experiences which must have been very disagreeable at the time. She was a born individualist, quite willing to stand alone, and perhaps preferring to do so; but she was the servant of her ideas and the trustee of all her gifts. That she was mistaken in the main contention of her later years The Outlook believes; that she was influential in removing many disabilities from women and opening new fields for their activity is beyond question.

◆

For the Family and the Home The twenty-fifth anniversary of the National League for the Protection of the Family is a fit occasion for comment on the effectiveness of judicious, quiet perseverance in a good cause, though for a time inadequately seconded. It gives encouragement to all who see that they must begin in a small way, if they begin at all to do good, and must "learn to labor and to wait" while trying to make things grow. The League has called no mass-meetings. By personal communication, by correspondence, by lectures, reviews, and monographs, it has endeavored to cultivate public opinion, and to inspire a reaction against the evils that menace the family and the home. It now has much to show for this. Many States have bettered their laws of marriage and divorce. Independent movements have sprung up to second its appeal for uniformity of legislation on these subjects throughout the country. At the call of the Governor of Pennsylvania, commissioners from three-fourths of the States met at Washington last February and agreed upon the terms of a uniform law of divorce. The churches also have responded to the influence of the League by a movement, embodied in a committee representing fourteen Protestant denominations, to promote unity of attitude toward the marriage of divorced persons. Viewing the Family as the social unit, the League has led the way in pressing upon the church and the school the need of attention to the home as the great factor in social problems. The Home Department of the Sunday-school is of its origination. Such work has given the League international reputation as a source of sound knowledge and judicious counsel. Yet its resources thus far have been pitifully meager, supplying little more than an $1,800 salary for its Secretary, Dr. S. W. Dike, of Auburndale, Massachusetts, the brain of the whole movement, whose record has won him high rank among American and European sociologists. Its quarter-century anniversary deserves to be marked by an endowment that shall make its continuance secure and its activity wider.

◆

The Carnegie Institution The Carnegie Institution is a university in which there are no students and in which all the faculties are investigators. From its Year-Book of 1905, just published, an idea may be gained of the wide scope and great prospective value of the researches which are being conducted in this university of scientific workers. Its grants have been divided into three classes, in aid, first, of larger projects, requiring continuous work, under the direct charge of the Institution—ten such are now well under way; secondly, smaller projects, for which thus far some three hundred grants have been made to individual experts; and, thirdly, tentative investigations, a limited number of which have been allowed in the hope of developing exceptional abilities in some investigators. Last year it published twenty volumes of reports of work. The present policy of the Institution is to provide for large and continuous investigations, which might not otherwise be carried out, rather than to give a great number of individual grants. The reports for the last year show that the work undertaken is of wide range and along many different lines of scientific promise. It also shows how the purely scientific and theoretical line of investigation runs parallel with the line of utility, and that at almost any moment points of contact may be made between them. Among the larger projects we notice the work planned for the study of plants which are fitted to live in the deserts, together with the aid to be given for five years in furtherance of Mr. Luther Burbank's already fruitful experiments in horticulture. The practical value to be expected from these plans may be judged by the statement in Mr. Burbank's report that already some large groups of cacti have been developed which "produce enormous quantities of nutritious food for all kinds of stock and poultry;" and a great number of new varieties of plants are under cultivation, such as 10,000 new apples, 1,000 new grape-vines, and 10,000 new hybrid seedling potatoes. Researches also relating to the formation and constituents of rocks and metals promise valuable returns. Special interest attaches to the new studies concerning nutrition, to the aid of which this Institution is now contributing, and which are of important psychological value, affecting as they do the economic problem of the support of the population, and also having personal relation to the working power and health of the individual. The Institution is also conducting special inquiries in economics and sociology. Of more immediate theoretical interest is the work initiated in the biological laboratories which the Institution has established, and in its provisions for studies in physics, as well as in its solar observatory at Mount Wilson, California. It has also equipped a vessel for observations in the North Pacific Ocean on terrestrial magnetism—the beginning of a plan of importance for a magnetic survey of the whole world. Some of the studies which are thus being promoted in different but closely related fields will push further back the boundaries of human knowledge, and will enable us to understand better the factors and laws of evolution and to peer still further into the wonderful mysteries of the beginnings and elements of things. In providing for this great amount of original research in these and other departments of investigation, the Carnegie Institution, under the broad and far-sighted plans of its trustees, already is proving itself to be a great benefaction, not only to science, but to progress in the mastery of nature for man's welfare.

The Pan-American and Hague Conferences

The third Pan-American Congress is to convene next July at Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian capital. The various committees, composed of diplomats to this country from the different Governments of the Americas, and our own representatives, have about completed the programme and rules for the conference. The list of delegates from this country to Rio has lately been announced. The head of the delegation will be the Hon. William I. Buchanan, formerly Minister to Argentina, and our first Minister to Panama. Mr. Buchanan was Director-General of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and was also one of the delegates to the second Pan-American Congress (held four years ago in the City of Mexico). He represents much ability and experience in dealing directly with the Spanish and Portuguese nations of South and Central America. The other members of the delegation are President Edmund J. James, of the University of Illinois—formerly Professor of Politics at the University of Pennsylvania, Professor of Public Administration at the University of Chicago, and President of Northwestern University; Dr. Leo S. Rowe, present Professor of Politics at the University of Pennsylvania; James S. Harlan, at one time Attorney-General of Porto Rico; and Señor Larrinaga, resident Commissioner in Congress from Porto Rico to the United States, formerly chief engineer of provincial works, and a member of the Porto Rican House of Delegates. Such a personnel should be able to do much at Rio in strengthening and cementing the ties between our own and the other Governments south of us. The secretary of the delegation is to be Charles Ray Dean, at present Chief of the Bureau of Appointments in the State Department. Mr. Dean was secretary to the American counsel in the Venezuela preferential treatment case before the Hague Tribunal. To the forthcoming Conference at The Hague the American delegates are to be Messrs. Choate and Porter, American Ambassadors to London and Paris, respectively; Judge Rose, of Little Rock, Arkansas; Brigadier-General George B. Davis, Judge-Advocate-General of the Army; and Captain Charles S. Sperry, President of the Naval War College.

❀

Porto Rican Coffee In 1873 the American Government took off the import tax from coffee. Much of the coffee consumed here comes from Brazil; only a very little from Porto Rico. The inhabitants of that island would gladly increase their export of this product. When they hear that their coffee is not as good as the Brazilian, they reply that we do not understand how to grind and roast theirs; that if we did so, we would like it as well. The Porto Ricans have largely lost their once thriving European coffee trade because, as they say, they are now subservient to American laws, and, consequently, the American Government should counterbalance this loss by restoring their trade. It is impossible to substitute sugar-cane planting for coffee; the latter is necessarily the island's chief staple and the natural foundation for its prosperity, for it is produced in the mountainous country (where cane cannot be cultivated), and is the main crop of the many small farmers of the interior, as it requires no costly machinery for preparation. As soon as it is picked it can be sold green in the berry to neighbors having some kind of machinery more or less perfect. The restoration of the coffee trade can be brought about, declares Señor Larrinaga, the Porto Rican delegate in Congress, by a measure which would also develop coffee production in our Hawaiian and Philippine possessions, where like climatic, agricultural, and industrial conditions exist. The force which, he says, would do all this is, as may be suspected, a negative one—namely, the reimposition of an import duty on Brazilian or other foreign coffees. This may or may not be a wise course. Like most tariff protection, it would be taxation of the many for the benefit of the few. But if we as a Nation are to continue to be protectionists, here is a chance to be logically consistent and at the same time to offer commercial preference to our insular possessions. Politically, too, the more or less justified grumblings from the Porto Ricans (as to their lack of settled conditions in general and in particular as to the Upper House of their Legislature) would, we think, be considerably lessened by greater attention paid by Congress, under any circumstances, to the island's industrial and commercial problems.

❀

José María de Pereda Not even the modern French school of romancers and essayists is more interesting than is the present Spanish school. Of the latter one of the foremost representatives has lately passed away, at the age of seventy-five—José María de Pereda. He died in his beloved Santander, the city and country which he had immortalized in "La Abeja Montañesa" and in his "Escenas Montañesas," published four decades ago—they were forerunners of the best of Flaubert's and Zola's work. A mountaineer by birth and environment, Pereda's profession was at first that of a civil engineer; in politics he was a Carlist and in religion an ultramontane. As a novelist he has been reproached with picturing local types too exclusively, but his critics lose sight of the fact that, while the Pereda types may be individually local, they are universal as types of a broad human nature, essentially the same the world over. As a stylist he combined in literature something of what has been done in painting by the naturalism of a Teniers together with the more nervous virility of a Sargent. Among Pereda's best-known novels are "Sotileza," "El Buey Suelto," "Los Hombres de pró," and its continuation in "Don Gonzalo;" finally, probably the ripest fruit of his genius, "Pedro Sánchez." All are books of realistic fidelity in the portrayal of his countrymen and women by one who had equal love for them and appreciation of them. In him there was always here a touch of Balzac, there of Dickens, but ever the individual impress of one of the most original interpreters of North Spanish life whom literature has yet known.

❀

A Lenten Meditation

And when he had overcome the temptation to feed himself in a moment of need, instead of making ready, by the dedication of his power, to break bread for the world, the Christ found himself face to face with another of those suggestions which test men like fire: "Thou hast power above that of thy fellows; use it for its own sake; cast thyself down, that angels may appear and bear thee up so that nothing can harm thee." In the vast loneliness the solitary figure was guarded by invisible protectors waiting to do his bidding; the mysterious world of hidden forces was at his command; he had but to speak and heaven would be ringed with servitors, and the unseen rivers of power, pouring silently through the veins of the earth, would sweep toward him to do his bidding. Into the intoxication of that moment no man has ever entered; for while many have striven in later years to do those works of wonder which are called miracles, their achievements, by their own report, have been but faint and far imitations of those mighty works which followed fast upon his way through life and burst into a sudden splendor when the darkness of the grave engulfed him. That mysterious knowledge or command of the secret things of nature which men and women have eagerly sought after was suddenly his possession without thought or effort or putting forth of will. The child born in the manger knew himself king; without visible crown or scepter, far from the pomp of enthronement, he was clothed with a power of which the imperial authority of Cæsar was but a faint and shadowy symbol.

In that moment of incredible revelation, when the forces of the world were thrust into his hand, came the impulse to use them for his own pleasure, to play with them in the wilderness that he might please himself with the sense of his divinity.

The temptation which the Christ put aside in that hour of deep and clear vision came again and again to his chosen disciples and to the multitudes that thronged about him, and they fell easy victims to the illusion which he pierced. Children that they were in knowledge of the things of the spirit, they craved the manifestation of his command over material things, the signs and wonders upon which the lesser teachers often lean for authority, the mere magic which delights the curious and bewilders the ignorant and lies wholly outside the realm of spiritual influence. Others have sought eagerly, by meditation, seclusion, fasting, and prayer, for this power to astonish, confuse, and overpower the multitude; the Christ turned away from it in the hour when he became aware of its possession, and shunned the use of it when crowds clamored for its display. The miraculous vitality flowed from him as an effluence of his sinless life; he healed as he passed by, almost without the consciousness that virtue had gone out of him.

The power to do the works which men call miracles will never come to those who seek it or are eager to use it; it can come only to those who have been so purified in the fire of temptation that they are indifferent to every form of influence save the highest, and turn with horror from the curiosity, whether vulgar or ignorant, which craves a sign instead of a truth, and the power to astonish rather than the power to lift and purify. It is not by taking thought, by seeking knowledge, by occult processes in the hands of a few, that men may again work miracles; but by such purity, nobility, unselfishness, and consecration that the love of admiration, the thirst for applause, the care for the awe of those who are bewildered but not regenerated, has been burned out of the nature as by fire. To wish to work miracles is to be unable to work them; to cease to think about them in passionate pursuit of spiritual perfection would be the first step toward the power, by pure effluence of vitality, to open blind eyes, unstop deaf ears, and call the dead back from the graves in which they sleep.

The Christ not only put the temptation to use this wonderful power for his pleasure behind him, but he lived so constantly in the presence of his Father that he saw on all sides the divine in the human. No rags hid from his eyes the divinity of the men and women who crossed his path. He pierced all disguises, and saw that they were children who had lost their way and were wandering from the Father's house, but were still within reach of his voice, within the circle of his love. To raise the dead was a wonderful manifestation of his authority; but to see the soul of good in the woman who had defiled herself, the power of resurrection into holiness of the man who had buried himself in sins and iniquities, was a wonder the beauty and heavenly fragrance of which had never come within the dreams of men before his voice was heard, saying not only, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk," but, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

⁂

The Situation in China

American relations with China are not yet understood, nor is their importance appreciated, by the great mass of Americans. Many other questions are now uppermost in the public mind which are of far less moment than the feeling of China towards Americans and the future relations of that empire to this country. The situation is still confused, for the empire is vast, has little organic unity, and only a rudimentary race feeling which has been violently disturbed by the events of the last five years, and is coming out of a long sleep with much agitation and many conflicting ideas. Readers of The Outlook will not overlook Dr. Arthur Smith's important contribution on another page; to which a few statements may be added with some confidence.

The present agitation against foreigners is not directed at the missionaries—certainly not at the American and English missionaries. While, in local outbreaks and as the result here and there of local enmity, missionaries may be attacked, and, in the event of any outbreak of violence against foreigners as foreigners which should take on large dimensions, missionaries would undoubtedly suffer, there is no widespread antagonism to the missionary. On the contrary, there is a growing appreciation of his disinterestedness, capacity, and service. The Chinese are not a dull people. Even the lowest classes, in spite of traditional distrust of and animosity toward foreigners, know when they are treated not only with courtesy but with continued and practical kindness. There have been, it is true, missionaries who have lacked intelligence and tact; for missionaries are quite as human as their critics, though, as a rule, far more dispassionate in their judgments. But the great mass of missionaries in China, representing all Christian bodies, have been devoted, courageous, and effective servants of the Chinese people, eager not only to give them spiritual truth, but to touch their physical and social conditions with a beneficent and healing hand. The Chinese know this. One large city in the Yangtse valley was recently placarded overnight with urgent appeals to boycott all American goods, but with an equally urgent appeal not to interfere in any way with the work of the missionaries.

There is undoubtedly a widespread feeling of discontent with the Manchu dynasty. Nothing shows more strikingly the essential conservatism of the Chinese and their marvelous power of standing still than the fact that, after four centuries of rule, the present dynasty is still a foreign government, surrounded by the suspicion with which foreigners are traditionally regarded in the Empire, unable to evoke the national sentiment or to draw to itself the strength of racial feeling.

For all practical purposes the present rulers of China are as much foreigners as were the autocratic Russian rulers of Finland. There has rarely been a long period of time which has been free from anti-dynastic outbreaks in some part of the Empire, and beyond doubt the anti-dynastic feeling is widespread and enters largely into the agitations of the hour. Whether it is sufficiently definite and cohesive to take on the proportions and the seriousness of a general revolt remains to be seen.

A much more important element in the present situation, however, is the profound stirring of the whole East by the brilliant success of Japan in the war with Russia. It has seemed to the East for many decades as if the West were irresistible. Suddenly an Oriental power stepped into the arena fully armed, used the very latest results of discipline and science with superb effectiveness, struck terrible blows at the Great Power which, more than any other, overshadowed Asia, and has broken the spell which the fear of Russia had laid upon the whole East. News penetrates the Chinese Empire very slowly, but such an event as this has gone to the remotest hamlets, and the humblest Chinese understand what it means. It means, among other things, an entire reversal of the long-existing relations between the East and the West; that the East is to be no longer a foraging-ground of aggressive Western countries; that it is to be no longer the paradise of the concession hunter and the speculator in search of an ignorant and unsuspecting people possessing great natural resources; that its affairs are to be no longer settled around the council boards of Western Powers without so much as a thought of what the Chinese themselves may wish or purpose. The old days are gone. The Yellow Peril, if it be a peril, is here. China is in arms, not against the Western world, but against the short-sighted, narrow-minded, and selfish policy which has dominated most of the Western Powers ever since the Empire was opened to trade.

No Power has asked of itself what it could give to China; every Power, except the United States, has asked itself what it could get out of China. The Chinese propose now to own their own country; to control, if they do not develop, their own resources; to manage their own affairs. There will be no more concessions, no more one-sided bargains, no more surrender of great resources to men who hold the whip-hand both of knowledge and of power. This is the meaning of the present movement in China. It will cost the West something; but if the West recognizes what it means, and reverses its policy, the yellow peril will become, as some one has wisely said, the yellow opportunity.

This country has made its special contribution to the Chinese situation by an almost incredibly short-sighted treatment of the Chinese. The anti-race feeling which found expression years ago on the sand-lots of San Francisco promises now to limit the development of the Pacific coast at the very hour when the gates of the East are thrown wide open for the first time. We have treated the Chinese not only with brutality, but with a stupidity which is incredible. They do not object to a certain kind of exclusion, to the drawing of the lines against certain classes of the population, or to the importation of laborers under certain conditions. If these lines of exclusion had been drawn intelligently, consistently, and with decent regard for Chinese feeling, there would have been no trouble. The Chinese are a commercial people, but their word for business involves not only the idea of traffic but of courtesy. They are extremely sensitive in the matter of personal dignity. We have treated them to every form of indignity. We have stripped them naked, photographed them as if they were criminals, put them in the hands of stupid inspectors who have acted like men of a superior race dealing with inferiors, and have not known that their own lack of civilization was thrown into the most striking relief by the much more highly civilized men with whom they were dealing. In a word, we have done everything we could in dealing with a very considerable number of influential Chinese to insult and outrage Chinese feeling, and to awaken against ourselves a national indignation. What is called the reaction in China is not fundamentally commercial; it is sentimental, and we are reaping the harvest of the seed sown by short-sighted and stupid blindness during the past decades. These facts cannot be too widely known in this country. It was our great good fortune, in a critical hour in the history of China, to have a Secretary of State large enough to recognize the opportunity for making friends with a great people. If the spirit in which Secretary Hay dealt with China during the Boxer troubles had pervaded our treatment of the Chinese for the past thirty years, we should have bound the Empire to us with bands of steel. As it is, we have done everything in our power to alienate it, and we are now facing the loss of a great market and the friendship of a people just coming into national consciousness with possibilities of influence, power, and wealth which no Western man can adequately measure. The policy which ought now to be adopted The Outlook will outline in its next issue.

❀

Corporations and the Supreme Court

In the issue between the people and the corporations there are two distinct questions: (1) What are the limits of the powers which have been granted by the people to the corporations? and (2) What is the best way for the people to exercise their control over the corporations which they have created?

The former question is one to be answered by the courts; the latter is one to be answered by the people through legislative enactment. In the nature of the case a court cannot answer the latter question as to the best way of controlling corporations, nor a legislative body the former as to the present powers of corporations. This distinction must be kept in mind if the general problem of governmental control of corporations is not to be obscured.

The four decisions handed down last week by the Supreme Court in the cases of the so-called tobacco and paper trusts have to do, therefore, with only the former of these questions. In that respect the decisions are limited in effect. But as an answer to that one question—What are the present powers of corporations?—they are of far-reaching effect. In brief, these decisions establish the principle that, whether in action in court, investigations by a grand jury, or proceedings before an examiner, a corporation has no right to hide behind the personal immunity of its officers from self-incrimination.

The case in which the fundamental principle was established was that resulting from an action between the United States and the American Tobacco Company and the MacAndrews & Forbes Company. The Secretary of the last-named Company, subpœnaed to appear before the Grand Jury, declined to testify on two grounds; first, that there was no specific "charge" pending, and, second, that his answers might tend to incriminate him; and he declined to produce certain papers demanded, on three grounds, the third being that they might tend to incriminate him. The Court decided that there need be no specific charge before the Grand Jury. All that was necessary was that it be "made to appear to the Grand Jury that there is reason to believe that a crime has been committed." As to self-incrimination, the Court held that the witness was protected by the act which provides that no one shall be prosecuted on account of anything concerning which he may testify or produce evidence. The defense insisted, however, that "while the immunity statute may protect individual witnesses it would not protect the corporation" of which the witness was a representative. The Court answers that "it was not designed to do so." A witness, it says, "cannot set up the privilege of a corporation." The heart of the decision is in these words: "The individual may stand upon his constitutional rights as a citizen. He is entitled to carry on his private business in his own way. . . . Among his rights are a refusal to incriminate himself, and the immunity of himself and his property from arrest or seizure except under a warrant of the law. . . . Upon the other hand, the corporation is a creature of the State. It is presumed to be incorporated for the benefit of the public. . . . Its rights to act as a corporation are only preserved to it so long as it obeys the laws of its creation. There is a reserved right in the Legislature to investigate its contracts and to find out whether it has exceeded its powers. . . . The defense amounts to this: That an officer of a corporation, which is charged with a criminal violation of the statute, may plead the criminality of such corporation as a refusal to produce its books. To state this proposition is to answer it. While an individual may lawfully refuse to answer incriminating questions unless protected by an immunity statute, it does not follow that a corporation, vested with special privileges and franchises, may refuse to show its hand when charged with an abuse of such privileges." The Court adds that though in this case the franchise was the creation of one of the States, "such franchises, so far as they involve questions of inter-State commerce, must also be exercised in subordination to the power of Congress to regulate such commerce, and in respect to this the General Government may also assert a sovereign authority to ascertain whether such franchises have been exercised in a lawful manner, with due regard to its own laws. . . . The powers of the General Government in this particular, in vindication of its own laws, are the same as if the corporation had been created by an act of Congress."

The other cases are important simply because in one instance this principle could be applied without qualification, and in the other two instances was applied to cases before a special examiner.

In regard to this decision there are three points it would be well to remember:

I. The decision does not settle the question of publicity for corporations. Those who have hailed it as a complete answer for the popular demand for publicity have either misread the decision or have sadly mistaken the nature of that demand. The Supreme Court makes clear that the law as it stands does not open the books of all corporations to public view; it simply enables the Government to inspect those books when there is reasonable ground for suspecting something amiss. Throughout the decision a definite object to discover an offense is presupposed in justifying inquiry. The Court specifically says: "It is not intended to intimate, however, that it [the General Government] has a general visitatorial power over State corporations." In other words, the decision does not answer the question, How may the people best exercise control over corporations? It has now been established that publicity may be obtained in special cases by special probing; but it is not established that corporations shall normally be open to public inspection, as are now National and State banks.

II. The Supreme Court has in this decision reaffirmed, though in a new direction, the power of the Federal Government over corporations. The Department of Justice may, for example, find that this power may now be applicable in the investigation of the Beef Trust in Chicago. As in the Northern Securities case, and again recently in the case of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, the Supreme Court declares that the Government is more powerful than its creatures.

III. This decision ought to, and we believe will, allay that suspicion of the courts which arises from the feeling that judges are more concerned with the protection of property rights and privileges than of popular rights and powers. It is not inconceivable that the agitation for the control of corporations has had perceptible effect in this and other recent decisions, and that there is here evidence of responsiveness on the part of the Supreme Court to the present tendencies of popular government. At any rate, this decision is rendered, not on the ground of legal tradition, but of human equity, and as such is highly significant.

❀

Wilhelm Gericke

The announcement that Mr. Wilhelm Gericke has resigned his post as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and will return in May to Austria to make his home again in Vienna, has been received with universal regret by lovers of music in this country—and that means by a very large body of men and women, for the love of good music and the appreciation of genuine musicians has grown almost by leaps and bounds since Mr. Gericke first came to these shores in 1880, a quarter of a century ago. The cause of orchestral music has been helped forward in America by Mr. Gericke perhaps more than by any other one man, with the possible exception of Theodore Thomas. In saying this we do not forget Karl Bergmann, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, or Anton Seidl, to all of whom New York must be ever grateful for the work which they did in developing and cultivating the musical taste of this community. But Mr. Gericke not only possesses the genius, temperament, and training of a great conductor, but has had the advantage of having a perfectly equipped orchestra put into his hands, with full control to give it the impress of his own artistic mold, and yet has been relieved of the financial and commercial burdens which so often distract, harass, and obstruct great musicians in their work.

Those who have attended the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the last twenty-five years are more or less conversant with Mr. Gericke's history, so far as it is connected with this country. He came to Boston in 1884, when he was thirty-nine years of age, at the invitation of Major Higginson, the founder and generous supporter of the Boston Orchestra. After five years' work he returned to Europe, but again took up the baton in Boston in 1898, and has since remained there.

The Outlook has little sympathy with those who declare that art should be pursued solely for art's sake, that it is to be judged merely by standards of sensuous beauty, that its purpose is solely to give pleasure to the eye, ear, or the mind, that it consists exclusively of color and form in painting, of tone in music, and of style in literature. Of course beauty is the prime and fundamental element in art, but too many artists forget that line in Keats's immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn" which tells us that beauty is truth, truth beauty. It is this element of truth or character in art that makes it something more than a mere pastime and source of pleasure. The truest art is an educating, civilizing, spiritualizing force, as well as a vehicle of the supremest beauty. The greatest and most perfectly rounded artists as long as art has existed have recognized this, and an artist is to be judged great by the success and balance with which he mingles these two elements. Judged in this way, Mr. Gericke seems to us to be a great artist. His modesty, his freedom from personal vanity and uncharitableness, his sanity and wholesomeness of taste, his very wide range of musical knowledge, his capacity to understand, deeply enjoy, and sympathetically interpret all kinds of music—a Bach fugue, a Beethoven symphony, a Brahms concerto, a Strauss waltz, or a Debussy tone-poem—are manifestations of that personality and character which, after all, is the source of his power. Mr. Gericke himself, at a supper given in his honor after his farewell evening concert in New York last week, gave expression to this view of the artist's moral responsibility. At the close of two hours of delightful and friendly companionship and merrymaking, he said his words of good-by to the men who had met to do him honor, by telling the following story: "Many years ago in Vienna I heard Heinrich Esser conduct Flotow's opera 'Stradella.' I had at that time the contempt of the young men of my school for this particular school of Italian music. As the opera proceeded I found to my astonishment that Esser was giving the score the same careful interpretation that he would give to one of the great works of music. After the opera was over I met him and expressed my astonishment and asked him to explain how he could treat so trivial a work with so much respect. I have never forgotten his reply: 'My friend,' he said, 'whatever I have to do I try to do with honesty and sincerity.' This," continued Mr. Gericke, "made a deep impression upon me, and I have ever since endeavored to make it my rule of conduct in my professional life."

It is perhaps too soon to form a perfectly just estimate of Mr. Gericke's genius in that field of art in which he has worked, but it is not too soon to express feelings of gratitude and appreciation to him for the sincerity, faithfulness, high purpose, and catholicity of spirit and taste with which he has served this country while he has been one of her adopted—unfortunately temporarily adopted—citizens. This is also a suitable occasion for saying a word in defense of the belief that the highest art and the highest morality have something in common—especially when this belief is so well exemplified in the personality and achievements of one of the great orchestral conductors of modern times.

The Spectator

There is no "trust evil" on the lower East Side in New York. The orthodox Jews who inhabit the quarter are a highly individualized people even in their business relations, and combinations of capital are foreign to their natures. Each man creates and conducts his business alone and fails or succeeds by his own unaided efforts. The Spectator has learned, however, that there is one corporation. It is allowed to exist and even to flourish, because it handles a commodity that the Jewish people cannot get along without. It is called the National Hebrew Publication Society, and, through a chain of some fifty book-stores, it supplies the Jews of the East Side of New York with the Hebrew and Yiddish literature which appears to be an absolute necessity of their daily lives.

❀

The Spectator has investigated and can say positively that there is not another district of the same restricted area in the whole of Greater New York that supports so many book-stores as the so-called "slum" of the lower East Side. Despite their number and despite the fact that they are all tacitly understood to be in the trust, every one of them is doing an excellent business. The people of the neighborhood are poor, but they are not so poor that they cannot always spare a little for a good book. They have a natural and instinctive hatred of trusts, but they will put up with a trust if they must in order to satisfy their hunger for reading. The four largest of these book-stores are strung along Canal Street from the Bowery east to Allen Street. From the outside they look like shops for the sale of the ritualistic accessories of the Jewish religion. The windows are filled with prayer-shawls, embossed white and colored pasteboard models of the tabernacle and the scrolls of the Law, brass candlesticks, silver wands tipped with filigree balls hung about with tiny gold bells, phylacteries and the black silk skull-caps worn by the men and boys in the synagogue. The only hint of the real nature of the business is a large and varied assortment of prayer-books in Hebrew and Yiddish. This is due to the fact that, up to thirty years ago, there was no general Yiddish literature. Except for the scholars who knew Hebrew, the Jews read only their prayer-books. In those days, therefore, the Jewish book-store was practically a ritualistic institution, and its stock consisted solely of ritualistic goods. To-day the ritualistic goods are chiefly in the window, where the exterior marks of piety are strictly maintained, and the inside of the shop is filled with secular literature.

❀

The opening of the door usually reveals a long, narrow room, musty with the smell of books and soup and dimly lighted with flickering gas, lined with shelf on shelf of books reaching from the floor to the ceiling and retreating into the shadowy recesses in the rear. There are usually from six to a dozen men—all wearing hats and most of them wearing beards—standing about in groups discussing, with every appearance of great excitement, philosophy, history, religion, or literature; or rambling about by ones and twos, glancing over titles and occasionally taking a book down from the shelves to read a passage or to clinch an argument. As you enter and engage in conversation with the proprietor, every man in the shop will instantly abandon whatever is holding his attention at the moment, and, without removing his hat, will step briskly forward and settle himself to listen frankly and with undisguised interest to the colloquy. If he finds that he has anything to say, he will break in with it without hesitation or embarrassment. This is no more due to bad manners than the wearing of the hat—a ritualistic survival—but to the most striking of all East Side characteristics, that where a discussion is the issue, all else is forgotten.

❀

The other day the Spectator strolled into a Canal Street book-store to ask some questions in regard to the literature that is most read on the East Side. The proprietor was of that Biblical type of

Jew—so rare nowadays as to be almost extinct. He was tall and powerfully built, with a vivid, dark skin, black eyes, and black, crisply curling hair and beard sprinkled with gray. In a red and white striped mantle instead of his somewhat greasy black frock coat, he would have looked as if he had just stepped out of a book of Bible stories or a stained-glass window. He heard the Spectator through with quiet politeness and then informed him that he "had no Anglish." As the Spectator "had no Yiddish," he was about to depart, when half a dozen men who had miraculously gathered during the brief dialogue volunteered in chorus to give the Spectator the information he wanted.

⁂

Immediately the proprietor's private desk was unceremoniously rummaged for his catalogue, his books were reached down from his shelves, and he himself was hustled aside and effectually silenced with the magic words, "For der Anglishe paper." A young man of the politically assimilated but religiously orthodox type spread the Yiddish catalogue out on the desk, and, reading from right to left, began telling off the names of the authors whom he considered most popular among the Jews. Abramowitz, he said, was the most popular Yiddish author—S. J. Abramowitz. He was nicknamed "the Bookseller of Odessa." He lived in Russia and wrote satirical novels. Then there was Bomfeld. He was greatly read—

⁂

"That is wrong," flatly broke in another voice. "Bomfeld is not read on the East Side. Perhaps you are a 'bookseller' too. Well, I will tell you that, whether you are or not, you know nothing of books. Bomfeld is a technical writer. Every one knows that he is only read by scholars." The Spectator turned and looked at the speaker. He was a young man of the class on the East Side known as "intellectuals," and oftenest seen at Socialist and Anarchist meetings. He had a high, broad forehead, with the spiritual look as well as the material build of intellectuality, the introspective eye of the learned Jew, a celluloid collar and a dirty white necktie. The youth whose literary information he had impeached betrayed no sign of annoyance, but aggressively defended his statement that Bomfeld *was* read on the East Side, until, beaten to earth by recurring and more violent attacks from the intellectual in the dirty necktie, he agreed to strike Bomfeld from the list. "We have, then," he went on, again referring to the catalogue, "Jacob Dineson—"

⁂

The unwashed intellectual broke in again with a snort of derision.

"Do you know anything about literature?" he asked scornfully, snatching the catalogue from his adversary's hand. "Do you give authors as their names come in the alphabet? Do you not know that Peretz is most read on the East Side—Peretz and Schalom Aleichem?"

"No," cried the other young man vehemently, reaching for the catalogue again. "Abramowitz! Those who know anything never leave out Abramowitz."

"Sure, Abramowitz is the one—he is right—everybody reads Abramowitz," burst in chorus from the surrounding group, who, with heads bent forward and hands in pockets, were giving the argument a strained attention.

⁂

"Abramowitz? Well, yes," grudgingly assented the unwashed intellectual, giving the champion of Bomfeld and Abramowitz a contemptuous look. "Abramowitz is read. Peretz, the realistic novelist; Schalom Aleichem, the humorist, and Abramowitz—they are the favorites."

"There is Fruz," broke in a voice.

"Yes. Fruz, the nationalist poet. He is read," admitted the self-constituted arbiter.

"And Ahad-ha-Ane," cried another voice.

"Sure," broke in another. "Ahad-ha-Ane is read."

"And Gordon," came a voice from the confines of the group.

"All those are good," agreed the arbiter. "Ahad-an-Ane, the great modern Hebrew writer whose real name is Ginsberg, and Gordon, the Jewish Voltaire. They are both popular."

❀

"And our own writers here in New York—" began the vanquished champion of Bomfeld, boldly.

"Wait a while," commanded the arbiter, silencing the champion of Bomfeld with a look. "I will give them." Then, turning to the Spectator, he said grandly: "We have here in New York some few writers of real distinction. There is Morris Rosenfeld, the poet; Jacob Gordin and David Pinski, the playwrights; Abraham Cahan, the novelist, and Eliakum Zunzer, the folk-lore bard. Mr. Cahan can, however, only be called a Jewish writer because he is a Jew and writes of the Jews. His medium is English."

"And are all these books printed here in the United States, too?" asked the Spectator, with a wave of his hand about the book-lined shelves.

He was answered by a chorus:

"Sure not, no, sir—all importeted—from Russia."

"And there are none but Yiddish and Hebrew writers here?"

Again the chorus spoke.

"Sure there are—all writers there are."

Again the unwashed intellectual silenced the group with his imperative "Wait a while!"

"In all these Jew book-stores," he said, "they have only the Yiddish and Hebrew languages, but they have translations of the best books in all literatures into Yiddish and Hebrew. Here in this shop you may get in Yiddish Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Tolstoy, Gorki, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Dante, Swinburne, Shelley, and various other great writers in all languages."

❀

This sounds remarkable to the ear of the novice, but it becomes even more extraordinary when it is remembered that up to thirty years ago the Yiddish—or Jew-Deutsch—was despised as a vulgar dialect even by those who spoke it; and also that the few scattered writers who made use of it as a vehicle for literary expression systematically offered their works with the apology that it was only through the "jargon" that the people could be reached. As there were, accordingly, very few books in the language of the great mass of the people, and as the comparatively few Hebrew scholars were perfectly content with the gigantic literature embraced in the ancient Hebrew expositions of "the Law," the Jewish people, once known as "the bookish nation," were practically without a living literature. But in the last thirty years the Zionist movement and the awakening in Russia, bringing with it the new progressive movement among the Jews and the wholesale emigration to America, has raised a horde of new writers—novelists, poets, playwrights, historians, sociologists, philosophers, and scientists. A new literature has sprung into being almost within a generation.

❀

To-day all the Jews who are not writing are reading. With a voracious appetite they devour Yiddish, Hebrew, Russian, German, and English in all forms of their literatures, with the notable exception of popular contemporaneous fiction. On the East Side in New York every soda fountain is a circulating library. The principal East Side branch of the Public Library, located at Chatham Square, numbers a membership of fifteen thousand, and it has been in existence only four years. One thousand books are taken out of this library by Jews every day. It ranks first among all the branches of the city in the circulation of works on history, abstract science, and sociology. It ranks last of all in the circulation of light novels. Besides the fifty strictly Jewish book-stores, there are in the Ghetto three shops where general literature is sold which are wholly supported by the Jewish people. The largest of these, which is located in East Broadway, just across from the Educational Alliance, has the reputation of being the headquarters for the Socialistic and Anarchistic literature of the quarter, but this the owner is at great pains to deny. It is true that you will find there all the radical thinkers from Giordano Bruno down to Jack London; but it is correspondingly true that you will also find everything else that is displayed conspicuously on uptown counters except the "best-selling book of the week."

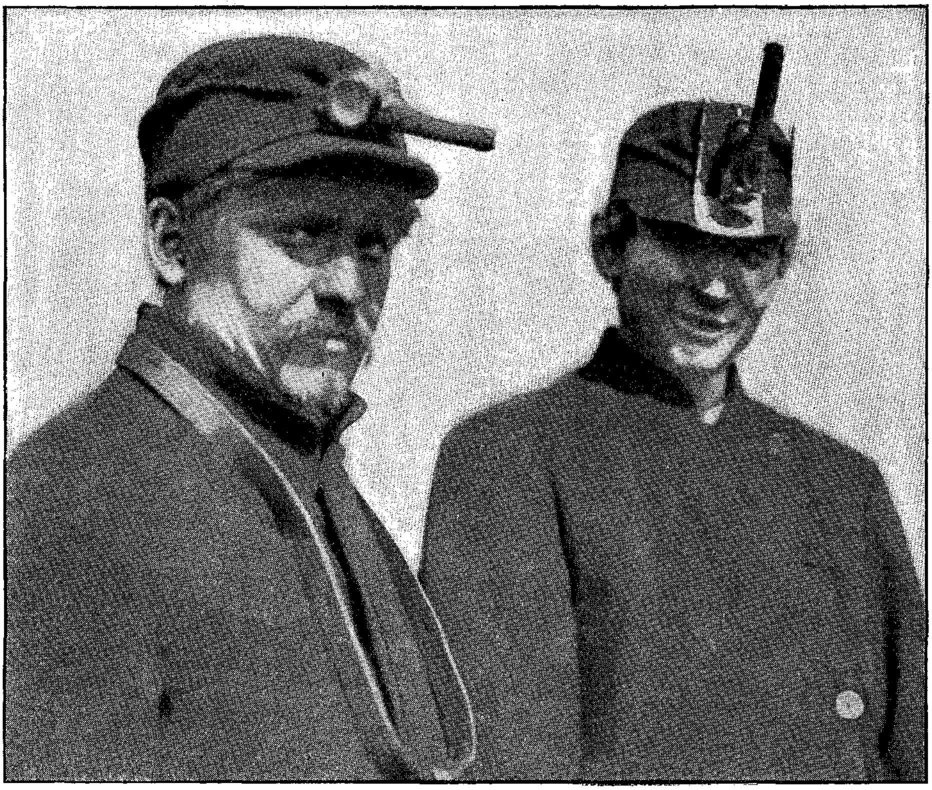
INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

Are we tending toward the feudalism of capital, the despotism of labor, or a fraternal democracy in industry? Is the admitted industrial unrest in the United States the unrest of rebellious dissatisfaction or the unrest of an aspiring and hopeful ambition?

These and other fundamental questions in regard to the labor problem will receive answer or suggestion of answer in a series of articles which has been planned for The Outlook. This series will comprise two groups, the first dealing with a few important and typical individual industries—selected, not with any view of covering the whole ground, but of presenting the facts about representative industries as a basis for the study of questions involved; the second dealing with specific problems and phases of the labor question. The first article in the first of these two groups is presented herewith. Its author, Dr. Frank Julian Warne, is Fellow in Economic Science in the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of two books dealing with the mining industry, and has written more than one article on this topic for The Outlook. The choice of this particular article to be the first in publication naturally arose from the interest and importance of the coal situation at the present time. While it has seemed best for this reason to present Dr. Warne's article now, the other articles in the series will be reserved for publication in the early fall.

The topics proposed for treatment in this series—subject, however, to some possible changes and additions—are, in the first class above mentioned: The Stock-Yards, The Building Trades, The Transport Agencies, and The Garment Workers, in addition to Dr. Warne's article on The Anthracite Miners. Topics which will be treated in the second class of articles are: Public Opinion in Labor Ranks, What the Union has Done, Restrictions in Labor Unions, The Closed Shop and The Open Shop, The Walking Delegate, Women in Trade Unions, and An Industrial War. Editorial discussion of issues and principles involved and dealing with the trend and meaning of the industrial struggle will appear simultaneously with many of the articles.

Among the writers of the articles in this series we may name: Mr. John Graham Brooks, the author of that extremely suggestive and interesting book, "The Social Unrest," who is recognized as one of the foremost American writers on economic and industrial topics; Professor Graham Taylor, the founder of the Chicago Commons Social Settlement, editor of "Chicago Commons," and Lecturer on Sociology in the University of Chicago; Professor John R. Commons, who occupies the Chair of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin; Mr. S. B. Donnelly, Secretary of the Building Trades General Arbitration Board; Mr. Ethelbert Stewart, who is in close touch with the views of moderate trade unionists, and will present the argument in favor of the Closed (or exclusively union) Shop, while the argument for the Open Shop will be presented by another writer; Mr. William Hard, a newspaper writer of experience and a special student of industrial conditions, who will be remembered as joint author with Mr. Ernest Poole of a graphic article in The Outlook on the great Stock-Yards strike; Mr. Luke Grant, of the Chicago "Record-Herald," a careful observer of practical labor union evolution; and Mrs. Florence Kelley, well known through her connection with Hull House and the Nurses' Settlement.



HARD-COAL MINERS

MINER AND OPERATOR

A STUDY OF LABOR CONDITIONS IN THE ANTHRACITE COAL FIELDS

BY FRANK JULIAN WARNE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

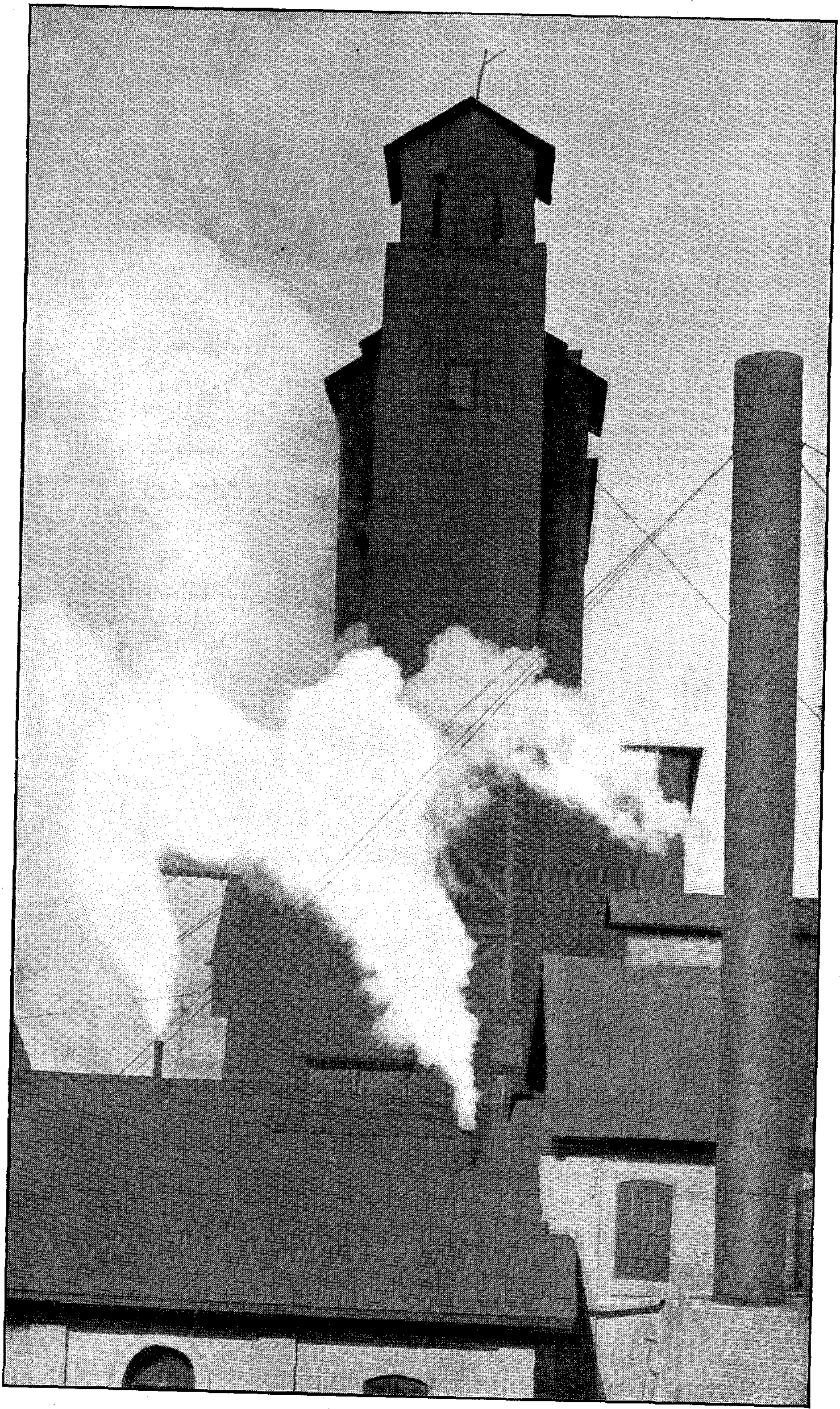
WITHIN an area in northeastern Pennsylvania of 1,700 square miles, having an actual coal area of only 485 square miles, is confined practically the entire anthracite industry of the United States. This great industry represents a capital investment of $700,000,000, with natural annual profits of from $85,000,000 to $100,000,000, and produces each year about 70,000,000 short tons of hard coal, valued at over $140,000,000. It furnishes a freight traffic worth $40,000,000 a year to about eight important railway systems, and pays annually approximately $70,000,000 in wages to about 155,000 mine employees.

A population of nearly one million people within the anthracite region alone is dependent directly and indirectly upon this industry for their means of livelihood. The two largest cities are Scranton, with a population of 102,000, and Wilkesbarre, with 52,000 inhabitants, both in the northern or Wyoming field. Other important cities, with a population of less than 25,000 each, are Hazleton in the Lehigh field, and Pottsville, Shenandoah, Tamaqua, and Shamokin, in the Schuylkill field. Surrounding these larger cities are numerous small towns and villages, or "patches," as the mining hamlets or groups of buildings in near proximity to a particular mine are called, extending for many miles throughout the valleys and connected generally by electric railways. In these cities and towns the occupations and daily callings of many of the inhabitants are not different from the various activities which go to form communal life in other American cities. Some are in the professions, some in the various lines of business, while others are engaged in different trades identified with the railroads, powder-mills, silk-mills, factories, foundries, and tool and other manufacturing plants. The single dominant group in nearly all these communities, however, consists of the mine workers and their families, and it is their activity that gives the color to communal life. They are conspicuous in the religious, educational, political, and other broad social activities of the three fields, and upon their prosperity rests largely the prosperity of these communities.

DRILLING A HOLE FOR A BLAST

These mine workers exceed in number 155,000 men and boys. About 55,000 are engaged in the performance of various tasks outside the mines or above ground, such as superintendents, bookkeepers and clerks, foremen, blacksmiths, carpenters, engineers, firemen, slate-pickers, drivers, watchmen, etc. The tasks of most of these workers are made clear by the designation of their occupations. The foreman or breaker boss looks after that part of the plant above ground, under the direction of the general superintendent, which latter may have supervision over as many as a score of collieries. In not a few cases there is a superintendent for each colliery. The foreman oversees the general working of the plant, the distribution of powder and other supplies, the sending of timber into the mine, the coming and going of the cars at the shaft and their arrival and departure at the breaker, and performs other supervising tasks. The engineers and firemen care for the machinery that supplies air to the underground workings, or runs the cage or elevator which raises and lowers the cars and men, or pumps the water from the mine, etc. They also have charge of the "lokeys," or yard engines used about the colliery grounds. The slate-pickers are at work when the breaker is in operation, assorting slate, bone, and other impurities from the coal as it passes down the screens preparatory to sending it in different sizes to the market. These latter employees are usually old men and boys.

Among the 100,000 underground workers are foremen or mine bosses, fire bosses, door-boys, drivers, runners, laborers, miners, track-layers, timbermen,



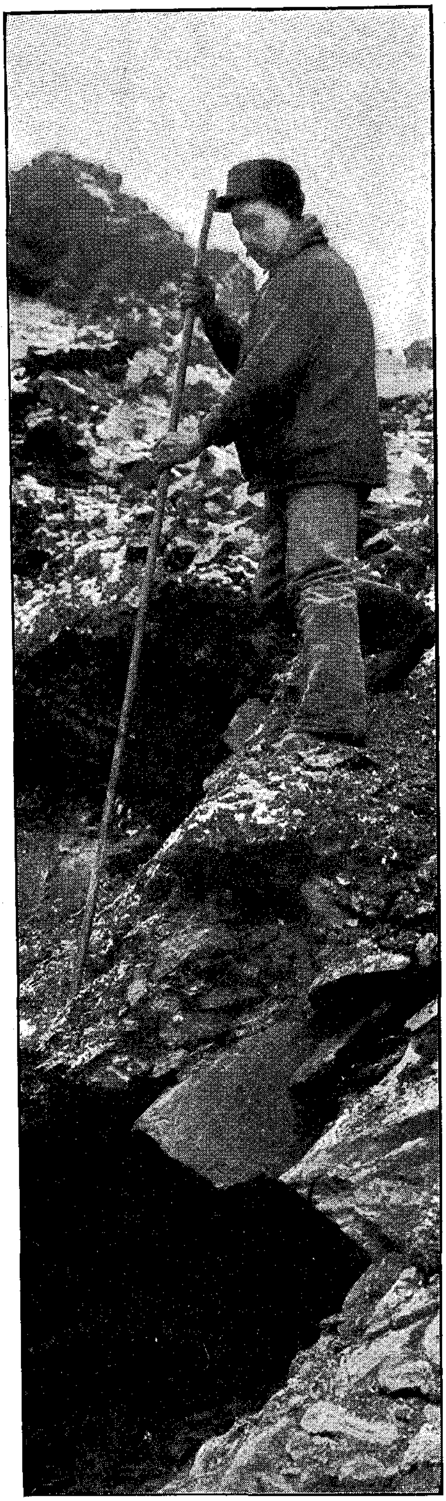
A COAL BREAKER

road-cleaners, car-couplers, stablemen, masons, pumpmen, pipemen, water-bailers, etc. The inside foreman or mine boss, with his assistants, has direction of the entire underground workings, looking after the ventilating apparatus, and examining all slopes, shafts, main roads, traveling ways, signaling apparatus, pulleys, and timbering. He also has supervision of the miners, directing them in their work and inspecting their working-places to see that these are safe for the men. The law requires this mine foreman to possess a certificate of qualification from the Secretary of Internal Affairs for Pennsylvania, to secure which he must have had at least five years' practical experience as a miner, must have passed an examination by an established board of examiners, and be of "good conduct, capability, and sobriety." The fire boss, under the direction of the mine foreman, takes care that the working-places of the miners and all used portions of the underground plant are free from explosive gas, and to guard against this danger the law directs him to make inspections of all used parts of the mine both before the miners begin work and after they leave their places.

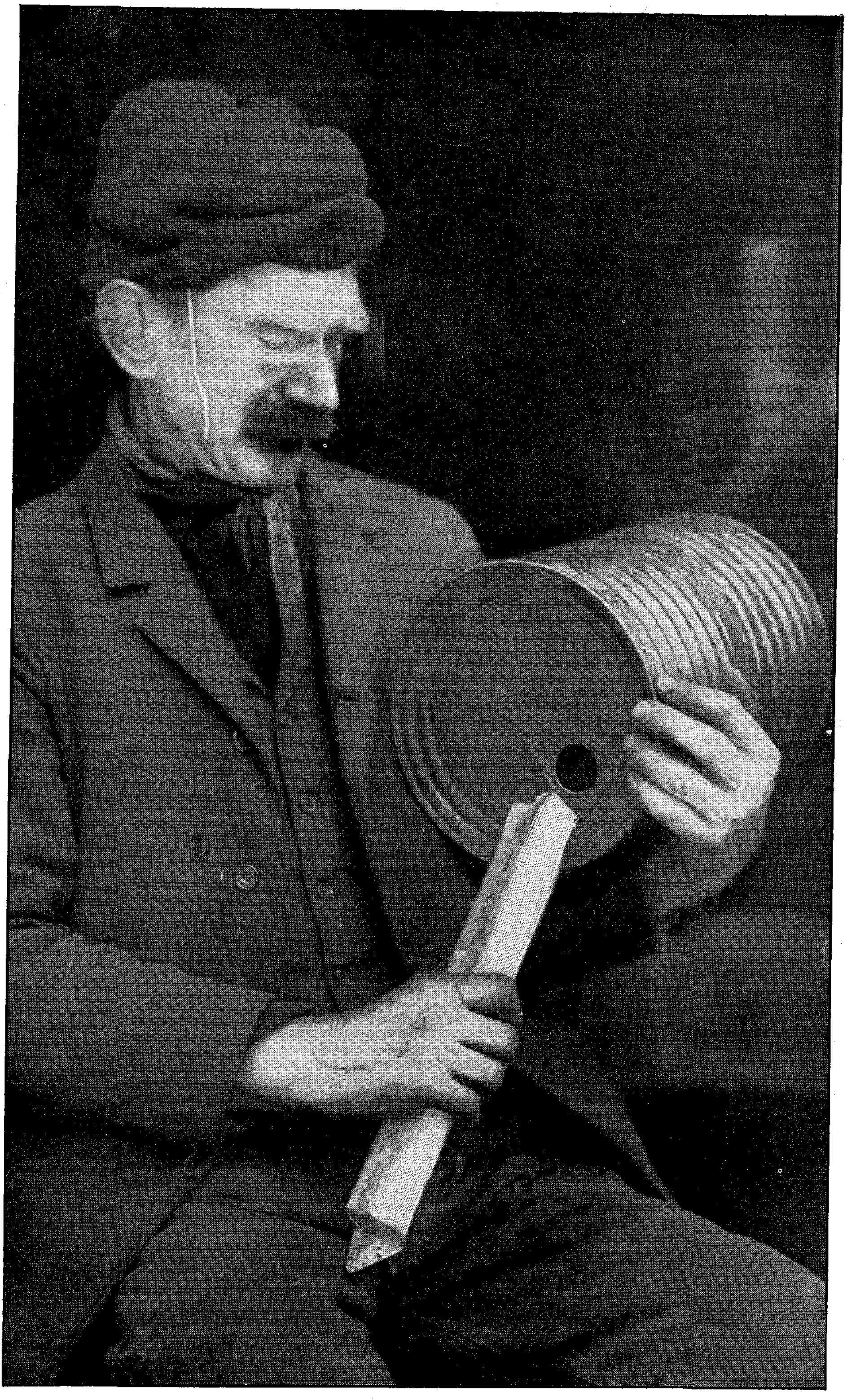
A BREAKER BOY

He must have had five years' practical experience as a miner. The door-boys, including the fan-boys, guard the heavy wooden doors dividing the gangway, opening and closing them as the cars and men pass in and out. These doors are for the purpose of directing the air currents through the proper openings to the breast where the miners and laborers are at work. In some mines self-acting doors have been provided. Where boys are employed to attend to the doors the law provides that they shall not be under the age of sixteen years, although, as in the case of the breaker boys, the law has not been very rigidly enforced. The drivers employed underground have charge of from one to three or four mules hauling empty and loaded cars from and to the miners' working-places. The stablemen care for the mules in the underground stables. Where mules are not necessary, as in the case of gravity roads in the mine, those in charge of the cars are called runners. Of all the 155,000 outside and inside workers only about 45,000 are *miners* engaged directly in the mining of coal.

The anthracite mine workers are a part of that vast army of toilers our country over whose daily life is regulated by the blowing of a whistle. Year in and year out, whenever there is work to be done in the mines, the miners, with powder-can, lamp, and dinner-pail, are summoned from their homes at the dawn of day by the first signal of the breaker whistle at six o'clock. Shortly after, they begin to pour out of their houses and swarm over the hills and valleys towards the mines, only to disappear, for the greater part of the day, as suddenly as they came forth. Under the rules of the mining companies no miner is permitted to enter the underground workings after seven o'clock. Before that hour they have been lowered to their working-places by means of the elevator-like arrangement in the shaft, or by the cars as they descend the slope. In the greater part of the region the shaft is the most general method adopted for reaching the coal. Where the coal measures are found to "dip" to any extent, as in the Schuylkill field, the slope method is usually employed. Where the stripping method



SURFACE MINING



MAKING A BLASTING CARTRIDGE

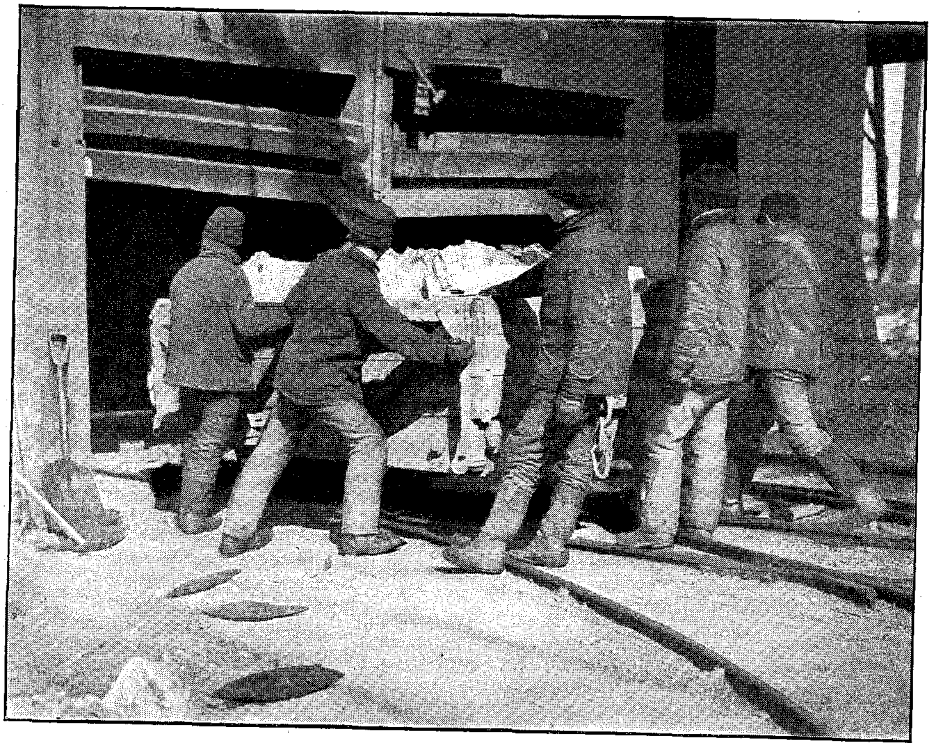
of mining is carried on, by which the overlying strata have been removed and the coal measures exposed, the miner does not usually work underground.

The working-place of the miner may be five hundred or one thousand or in cases as many as two thousand feet below the surface, and as far as two or three miles from the main entrance to the mine. While some work with a gang of other miners and laborers in charge of a foreman, as in strippings or in opening a gangway in a thick and wide seam or through solid rock, others are employed mining coal in the chambers or rooms opening from the gangway. These chambers vary in size, depending upon the thickness and width of the seam the miner is working, the seams ranging from two feet to over one hundred feet thick, and extending frequently over large areas. These rooms, called breasts, usually range from twenty to thirty feet wide, generally twenty-four feet, and may have a depth of as many as three hundred feet. In the Schuylkill field two miners as partners or "butties" usually work a chamber together. In this field, and also in the Lehigh field as a general thing, the seams pitch at such an angle as to prevent cars from being run to the working face, and in such cases the coal is worked directly up the pitch. By means of strong timbers across the opening at the bottom the dislodged coal is held in place and gives the miners a support while they mine the solid coal above them. When the particular deposit has been dislodged, the gate-like arrangement at the bottom is opened and the coal is then run down a chute into the cars, laborers being employed by the company to remove what the miner has mined. In all such cases the two miners, or "butties," work without laborers and are paid so much a yard for the coal they have mined. In the Wyoming field the coal seams are so flat, with few exceptions, that roads can be laid and the mine cars taken to the face of each chamber. This permits the coal to be loaded as it is mined, and in such cases, while the miner dislodges the coal, a laborer employed by him loads it on the cars.

When all the coal but what is necessary to support the roof has been dislodged, and a whole section of the mine has been worked out, then the miners remove these supports or pillars, beginning at the inside end and working back towards the shaft as they progress, allowing the roof of the mine, and in cases the surface of the ground, to settle in the excavated places. This is regarded as the most dangerous part of the miners' occupation, and is called "robbing the pillars." Much of the time of the miner underground is spent in drilling holes for his charge of powder which he explodes to dislodge the coal. One discharge may bring down many tons; again it frequently fails completely of its purpose, in which latter case the miner must dig out the coal with his pick and drill. This is called "mining out a shot."

The amount of coal the miner is able to get out depends to a large extent upon the softness or hardness of the seam and the amount of timbering he is compelled to put up. In some cases the character of the coal is such as to allow the miner to take out many yards without putting up any timbers at all, and in other cases he may have to timber every foot of the way for hundreds of yards. In the Wyoming field the seams do not pitch to any great extent, and here the miner is able to wall the refuse alongside his working-place, sending for the greater part only clean coal to the breaker. Where the seams pitch, however, as is the case in the Lehigh and Schuylkill fields, all the coal, slate, rock, etc., dislodged by a charge of powder must be sent out in the cars. To determine the amount of clean or marketable coal in a car, a weighman is employed by the miners to check up the company docking boss.

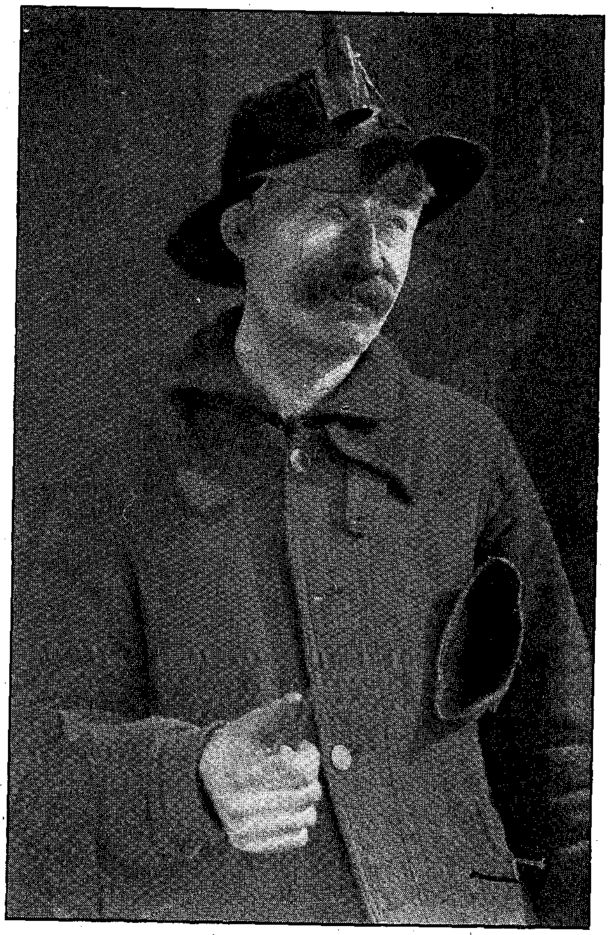
Generally speaking, the amount of good coal the miner mines determines the wages he receives. To ascertain this three plans are in vogue throughout the region—the car or volume, and the yard or measure systems, which are in use in all three fields, and the ton or weighing plan, which exists only in the Wyoming field. Under these the wages of about ninety per cent. of the miners in the Wyoming and Schuylkill fields, and eighty per cent. of those in the Lehigh



RUNNING A CAR OF COAL INTO THE BREAKER

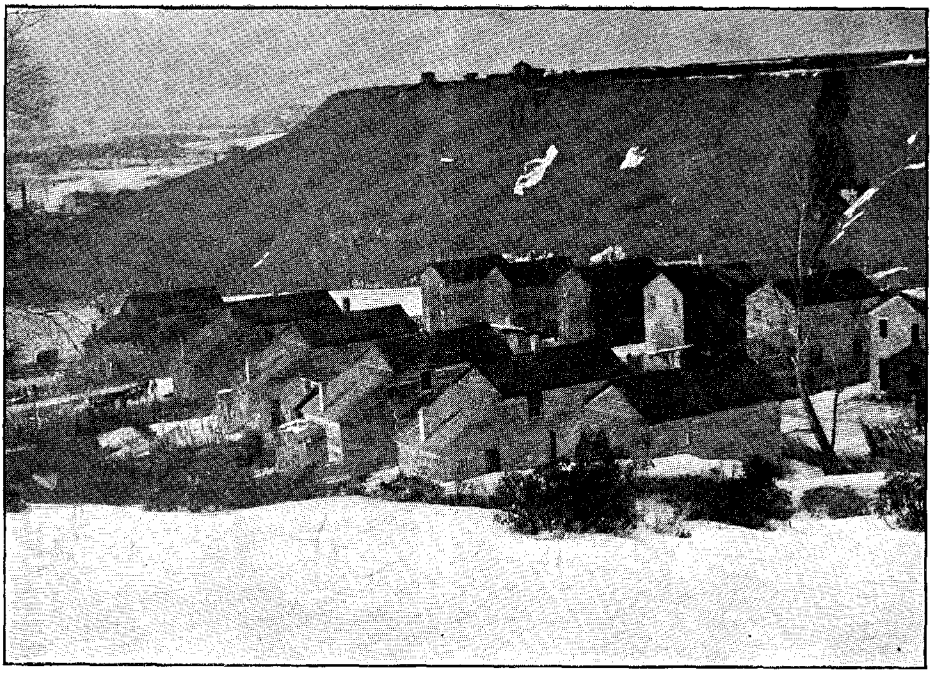
BRINGING DOWN THE COAL LOOSENED BY A BLAST field, are determined. The rest of the miners and most of the other employees are paid day wages. As to the wages received by employees in the hard-coal industry, these vary greatly according to the different occupations. The largest number of miners average between $500 and $600 a year, there being some, however, who earn as much as $1,000 a year, and others less than $400.

Before the miner is capable of performing his work there are certain things he must have. One of these is a miner's certificate from the State. Under the laws of Pennsylvania "no person whomsoever shall be employed or engaged in the anthracite coal region of this Commonwealth, as a miner in any anthracite coal mine, without having obtained a certificate of competency and qualification so to do from the 'Miners' Examining Board' of the proper district. . . ." This board consists of nine members appointed for a term of two years by the judges of the county courts from among the most skillful miners actually engaged in mining, and who have had at least five years' practical experience. All persons qualified to be employed as a miner in an anthracite mine are required to register before one of these boards. In order to obtain a certificate of qualification, the applicant must produce satisfactory evidence of having had not less than two years' practical experience as a miner or as a mine laborer in the mines of Pennsylvania, and must pass an examination before the Examining Board of his district. "In no case," says the law, "shall an applicant be deemed competent unless he appear in person before the said board and answer intelligently and correctly at least twelve questions in the English language pertaining to the requirements of a practical miner, and be perfectly identified under oath as a mine laborer by at least one practical miner holding miners' certificates." The certificate costs the miner one dollar. There is quite general complaint that these certificates are sold promiscuously throughout the region, and that many men who never passed an examination are now working in the mine on these certificates.


THE FOREMAN OF THE BREAKER BOYS

The miner must also have tools with which to carry on his work. These include picks, shovels, ax, saw, coal drill, rock drill, needle, scraper, file, blasting barrels (where used), drilling-machine for coal, drilling-machine for rock including bits, and chain and pulley (where used, as in the Schuylkill field, for holding cars in place while being loaded). Where two miners work a chamber as partners or "butties," the expense of tools is usually divided between them. Very frequently miners are able to secure the tools of those killed while at work, or who have left the industry, at second-hand prices. Most of the tools of the miner represent an original outlay which answers for a long time. Others, however, must be renewed

A MINER



A CULM BANK

This great bank, overshadowing the homes of the miners, is built up of the refuse from the mines

from month to month. To keep his tools in repair costs the miner about fifty cents a month. Including the cost of wear and tear, the yearly cost to the miner for the tools to aid him in his work averages from $30 to $40.

Besides these tools proper the miner must have light to work by, and this he secures from his lamp, which originally cost him from twelve to fifteen cents. The wick, or " cotton," and the oil consumed, form a monthly charge of nearly seventy-five cents, a miner using about five gallons of oil each month, at a cost of about fifteen cents a gallon. He also needs matches, explosive caps, squibs, powder, and dynamite, all of which he is expected to supply for himself. Powder he secures from the mining company at $1.50 for a keg of twenty-five pounds. On the average a miner consumes one keg of powder in getting out thirteen cars of coal. Six cars are regarded as a fair daily output for each man.

Before the miner is able to use these tools and employ a laborer or laborers—before he can engage in the mining of coal—he must have his own labor or energy. This he secures from the food he eats, the clothes he wears, and the house that shelters him. These are his first demands. They must be supplied, or he cannot for long produce or maintain his labor. The cost of these necessaries, however, is not the same for all miners. In examining a large number of accounts of miners and their families at company stores, and at a number of stores in different parts of the region which were not conducted by the company, but where many miners carried accounts, I found their monthly bills for food and clothing to range all the way from three dollars to as high as seventy-five dollars. Some of the bills were for goods for one person only; others for a family of seven. So many different elements enter into determining the amounts of these accounts that it is not possible to draw an average of a miner's monthly expense for food and clothing that would prove of any value. Some conclusions, however, are possible. In nearly every case the accounts of English-speaking miners are twice and in many cases three times as high as those of the Slav races. They show in detail that the miners of the English-speaking nationalities consume a much larger variety and a better quality of goods than those of the Slav races. This is true of the clothes purchased as well as of the food consumed.

The same wide variation in the cost to different mine workers is also found in the rent of houses, which are usually, but not always, owned by the employing company. These range all the way from well-built, neatly painted, and pleasantly located frame houses, with a porch and a large yard, perhaps also a garden, to a one-room hut built of driftwood and roofed with tin from discarded powder-cans. The former have carpets on the floor, bright-colored paper and framed pictures on the wall, and comfortable furnishings in the rooms; the latter may have a dirt floor, bare walls, and store boxes for furnishings, and bunks to sleep in. Some houses rent for as low as $1 a month, others for as high as $8, the average being about $4 a month. Not a few of the older miners—those of the English-speaking nationalities—own their homes, this being particularly true of the Welsh in the Wyoming field. The Slavs, with very few exceptions, rent their houses, and these usually not of the best or even of the average. These nationalities crowd together in large numbers, not only in the same house, but in the same section of the town, and this usually in the poorest district, where rents are low. The cost of food and shelter to many Slavs is also lessened by the fact of their "boarding" (they being usually unmarried) with members of their own particular nationality, at a cost of from $5 to $12 a month. All this indicates how impossible it is to measure in money the cost to the average miner of his food, clothing, and shelter. In any particular case or for any particular group, however, this can be done.

Anthracite mining is regarded as a hazardous occupation. In the entire region there are only seventy-six non-gaseous mines, while the gaseous mines number as many as 270. From the latter comes about eighty-four per cent. of the total production of hard coal. At least eighty-five per cent. of the total number of men employed in the mines work in places generating explosive gas. In the production of hard coal an average of about five hundred lives are lost each year, and approximately fifteen hundred workers are injured. To guard against this risk of his calling—to support himself in case he is disabled or to care for his wife and children if he is killed—the miner pays on the average about fifty cents a month to a beneficial fund, either conducted by the company or by some society which has insurance benefits.

With accidents of almost daily occurrence in nearly every mine that tear the muscles, break the bones, bend the frame, and even take life itself, and with the prevalence of diseases, particularly the much-dreaded "miners' asthma," peculiar to a mining community, the mine worker has frequent and almost constant need of the physician. The possibility of these accidents occurring at almost any time and at unexpected moments makes necessary the near presence of the physician at all times. The injured employees at any one colliery are few compared with the total number of mine workers at that place, and, with their limited resources, they are not able to pay the charges the physician would have to make in attending each accident if he were not assured of other sources of income. The small mining village in particular, situated some distance from the more thickly populated city, has not the continual demand for the services of the physician sufficient to induce one to locate there. The problem has been solved in not a few of the anthracite communities by the company doctor system. By this plan the mine employees support the physician, whether all have need of his services or not, the married men paying one dollar and the single men fifty cents a month. The physician is thus assured of a livelihood, and is at call at almost any time without extra charge to an employee needing his services. In nearly every case where it is in existence this plan is justified by the conditions, despite the fact that it may be an imposition on those having little or no need for the doctor. Unfortunately, the system, in certain localities, is subject to abuses.

Already in the large towns the system

is a thing of the past, the mine worker having the choice of a physician and paying for his services only when he has need of them. This is particularly true in the greater part of the Wyoming field. This change has also been aided by the establishing of State hospitals for the miners in the anthracite fields. All these, however, while they have brought about improved conditions, have not lessened the mine workers' need of the services of the physician; they have only changed the conditions under which he secures those services.

There is another institution in the hard-coal fields of particular interest in any discussion of the labor and living conditions of the mine workers, and this is the company store. The effect this system has on the real wages of the mine workers is not the same in all cases, and for this reason no general statement can be made that would be applicable alike to all company stores. Some are of distinct and undoubted advantage to the mine workers; stores where the general public even finds it an advantage to deal. There are also company stores where it is as distinctly to the disadvantage of the mine employees dealing there, and where no mine worker would deal but for some form of compulsion. Some company stores are conducted in open and fair competition with the general stores of the mining town for the trade of the community, without the least form of pressure upon the mine worker to purchase his goods there. Other company stores sell only to men employed at their colliery; that is, no one is employed at the mine who does not deal at the store, and no one deals at this store who has the choice of purchasing elsewhere. A majority of company stores charge on the average twelve per cent. more for goods than other stores in the same community. There are, of course, exceptions to this statement.

As a system the company store has for years been a source of complaint and irritation on the part of the mine employees, and this agitation in recent years has had the effect not only of remedying its most glaring abuses but of abolishing to a considerable extent the system itself. The company store to-day is generally but not always conducted by the individual or "independent" operator, and these are growing fewer in number each year. Such large mining companies as the Delaware and Hudson, the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre, the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, the Lehigh Valley, and the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, do not carry on company stores, nor do they collect for any of them. They pay their men in cash semi-monthly. Only about one-third of the total number of anthracite mine workers—about 50,000—are employed at collieries having company stores attached. The number of employees affected differs in the separate fields, the largest number being in the Lehigh and the southern part of the Wyoming field. The principal complaint against the company store in the strike of 1900 came from the Wyoming and Lehigh fields.

At the present time about twenty-six different nationalities are employed in and about the hard-coal mines. These can conveniently be grouped into two general classes—the English-speaking and the Slav and Italian. The first workers in the hard-coal mines were the English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Canadians, etc., who, with the native Americans, formed the mining population down to the decade following the close of the Civil War. Beginning about 1870 the Slav and Italian invasion swept into the coal fields. It brought with it a group of races wholly different from those already dominant there, not only ethnically but in habits and customs and language and institutions. The Slovak, the Pole, the Hungarian, the Magyar, the Croatian, the Lithuanian, and the Italian, crowded into the mining settlements, precipitating new factors into the then already complicated problem of race assimilation. They came with a lower standard of living, were able to and did sell their labor for a less price—worked for a lower wage—than the English-speaking mine workers could afford to sell and at the same time maintain their standard of living. Briefly, down to 1900 the effect of this Slav and Italian invasion was the migration of members of the English-speaking nationalities not only from the industry but from that section of Pennsylvania. The immigrants in the hard-coal fields from Poland, Austria, Russia, Hungary, and Italy increased from 1,925 in 1880 to 43,007 in 1890, and to 89,328 in 1900. At the present time it is estimated that more than 110,000 representatives of these races are in the anthracite region, the largest number being in the Schuylkill and Lehigh fields. Along with this increase in the Slav races has gone a decrease in the foreign-born from Ireland, Germany, Scotland, England, and Wales, from 123,636 in 1890 to 100,269 in 1900. The tendency of the Slav races to increase and of the English-speaking nationalities to decrease in the anthracite industry is clearly shown in statistics of employees of the coal-mining companies. More than this, the movement is distinctly traceable according to the coal fields, the inroads of the Slavs first being marked in the Schuylkill field, next in the Lehigh, and lastly and conspicuously at the present time in the Wyoming field. An interesting and natural phase of this race phenomenon is the increase in the number of Catholic churches in the region and a decrease in those of the Protestant denominations, the Slav being of the former and the English-speaking races mostly of the latter. This is explained in the fact that the Slavs are bringing their own institutions with them, and the English-speaking races are taking theirs away with them.

For the twenty-five years down to 1900 the racial forces in opposition to assimilation between the Slav and English speaking nationalities engaged in the anthracite industry were dominant. But the strikes of the mine workers in 1900 and 1902 put into operation new and different forces, or rather they directed the social and industrial forces along a different channel. On the broad ground of industrial self-interest, racial ties are now being broken down through the instrumentality of the United Mine Workers of America. Through this organization the English-speaking races in the hard-coal industry have been able to control the Slav competition by establishing what is practically a minimum wage in most of the occupations about the collieries. In consequence of the forces which this organization has been instrumental in putting in operation in the anthracite coal fields, we now find industrial and social assimilation between the English-speaking and Slav and Italian races not to be such a remote possibility as formerly. There are indications that since 1900 these newer immigrant races have been responding more readily to the influences of American ideals and institutions.

JOHN MITCHELL

THE MAN THE MINERS TRUST

BY WALTER E. WEYL

THE first time I met John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers of America, was the evening after the declaration of the strike of 1902.

The dining-room in the small hotel was filled with mine workers and union officials about to leave for their respective homes. There was an air of suppressed excitement, and at times men broke out into loud conversation. There was only one man in the room who seemed to feel completely the sense of seriousness and responsibility. That man was Mitchell. When he spoke, it was with a quiet and gravity which made me feel with him the greatness of the hazard which the one hundred and fifty thousand men in his union were about to take.

What I felt then, and what I now always feel with him, is a sense of the man's gentleness. There is a mildness in his eyes—the eyes of a dreamer or poet rather than of a man of action—that gives little indication of the great power and the strength of will that lie behind.

I have also seen evidences of this power of will. I have roomed with him for weeks at a time, and have seen him at work from early in the morning until deep in the night, when he was suffering pain that would have sent an ordinary man to bed. The only time I have known him to interrupt his work for any bodily ailment was one Sunday afternoon, just after the close of the strike, when it seemed to me the man would surely die. I left him with forebodings of evil, and was not reassured until I learned the same evening that a few hours of sleep had brought him back to his normal health and to his usual capacity for work.

There are few men who realize what the work of a labor leader like Mitchell really is. I know only one other union official in the United States who works as hard, and I know of none who works harder. Mitchell has a genius for application. He takes his work steadily, as a matter of course, staying at his desk hour after hour as though the passage of time had no meaning for him.

This work of Mitchell's is manifold. The United Mine Workers of America, like other modern trade unions, is well organized, and to a large extent the work is subdivided among many men; but in the final instance the responsibility rests upon one man. Mitchell is able to delegate work, and when he does so he reposes absolute confidence in his lieutenant. Still he finds it utterly impossible to shake off a sense of responsibility. I have seen him worry, and he has told me how he has worried and kept awake thinking about work which he had delegated to others, but which he was not sure would be done in time.

In respect to his own work Mitchell is painfully scrupulous. If he has promised a thing for a certain day, it must be done on that day, and no excuses avail for its non-completion. He is equally scrupulous about trifles. Every letter written to him, even though it be from a crank, receives an answer; and every visitor whom he can possibly receive he sees, if only for a few moments.

Perhaps he is so punctilious because he himself has risen from the ranks, or, as the trade unionist would say, *in* the ranks. A country lad, born in Illinois, Mitchell naturally drifted into the mines. Here he worked like any other boy, in no wise distinguishable from the other lads of his age. As soon as he could, he began to travel, working in the mines of one State until he had saved enough money to get to another. He saw a great part of the country and learned much that he could not have learned at home.

From the beginning he was a unionist. The boy was appealed to by the

FROM STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

JOHN MITCHELL

same sentiments that touch him as a man. A strike in Spring Valley in his youth made a vivid impression upon him and confirmed him in his union principles. He was enthusiastic about trade unionism long before he understood it; he became a unionist because the men whom he liked and whom he respected as good miners were unionists.

The trade union appeals to great masses by its social features and by the multitude of little duties and petty offices that it involves. The first union office held by the young John Mitchell was that of doorkeeper. He stood just outside to announce a newcomer, or to exclude an intruder from the deliberations which the boy himself might not hear. Since then he has moved from the outside to the inside, and from the inside to the very innermost room of the structure. His promotion was at first slow, and the union itself was small and of little outward significance. Afterwards the man advanced rapidly. A record of good work promoted him to the vice-presidency, an accident (the resignation of the president) made him the chief executive of the union, and a half-dozen years of hard work and a series of sensational victories put him in the forefront of the labor movement of the country.

After the close of the strike of 1902, I expected to see Mitchell in an ecstasy of elation. Instead, he was calm, serious, and all but depressed. "I am almost afraid of this victory," he told me, late that evening. "I can never be what the people will now expect of me."

And yet he does not lack and never has lacked self-confidence. When the young man became president, friends came to him and advised him to resign in favor of some older man. But, although under thirty, and boyish-looking for his age, he determined to carry out the work which had fallen to him. It is true that, in deference to those who considered youth a crime or at best a slowly remediable misfortune, he did for a time wear a long coat to appear older, but in a few months his quiet dignity and effective work had won the esteem of the miners, so that he held his position more firmly than any of his predecessors.

Perhaps this dignity is the strongest point about Mitchell. There is something about this quiet, reserved man that commands respect and saves him from what might otherwise prove embarrassing situations. I can conceive of nothing so wounding to a man's self-esteem as to be forced to listen to exaggerated laudations by well-meaning but tactless admirers; and I have often seen Mitchell quail before this form of torture. But he never loses his poise, and he never wounds the man who is unwittingly hurting him. To newspaper reporters also he is dignified, though at the same time friendly. The older reporters know that Mitchell will treat them with equal fairness, and they all soon discover that it is absolutely impossible to surprise an answer from him, or to make him say anything when he has decided to remain silent.

It was this dignity and self-control of Mitchell that excited President Roosevelt's admiration at the conference held between the miners' leaders and the railway presidents in the temporary White House. In this interview every one lost his temper except Mitchell, who was the most bitterly assailed and the quietest and most dignified man in the room. After the conference President Roosevelt said: "There was only one man in the room who behaved like a gentleman, and that man was not I."

So accustomed is Mitchell to continuous work that he finds it difficult to relax. For a number of years he had been planning for the time when he could lay aside for a while the duties of union leadership and take a trip to Europe, and finally, in the summer of 1904, after the affairs of the union had been settled, he decided to go abroad. It was absolutely impossible for him, however, even amid the diversions of such a trip, to leave his work or to drop it from his mind. He had not been in Europe many days before letters came from America and before he was exchanging cablegrams with his home office. I have no doubt that he was thinking of the West Virginia situation or the agreement in the anthracite field while he was examining the treasures of the Louvre or traveling in the lowlands of Scotland. Even in Europe his mind gravitated to the labor and cognate problems, and he was far more interested in housing conditions in London or in the government insurance of workingmen in Germany than in any of the things for which most people cross the ocean.

Few people credit Mr. Mitchell with the really fine intelligence which he possesses. He is intelligent but not intellectual, and his knowledge is real and extended but not bookish. His schooling was defective, but even while he was working as a miner he made every effort to remedy its defects. Down in the mines, by the light of his miner's lamp, he used to study arithmetic between cars. He came out of the earth a wiser and a better instructed man than he entered it.

Mr. Mitchell is a man who learns from all manner of men, and who retains tenaciously whatever he hears of value. He is a voracious and keenly intelligent reader of newspapers, but he has read but few books. Of late years he has started to read works on economics, more particularly on the labor problem, and to extend his reading in other directions, but the life which he leads is too intense and his work too absorbing and nerve-racking to permit him to read as widely as he otherwise would. His taste in fiction is simple. I have always thought it typical that the book he seemed to like best was "David Harum." The homely wisdom and practical common sense of the old country banker appealed to him far more strongly than a psychological novel or a historical romance.

All of Mr. Mitchell's mental powers appear to be constantly at the immediate service of the man. What he cannot do he does not attempt, and what he does, he does surpassingly well. Whether he is making a public speech or presiding over an open meeting, whether he is granting an interview or writing or dictating a letter, or engaged in negotiations involving delicacy and judgment, he appears always at his very best, and seems to have specialized all his life on the particular task at which he is engaged.

While an orator of no mean ability, he is especially successful in presiding over meetings and in allaying antagonism and distrust. I remember seeing him as chairman of a meeting of the Anthracite Mine Workers convened for the purpose of calling off the strike of 1902. There was a time during the meeting when Mitchell and his friends who advocated peace might have carried their point against a disgruntled minority by a snap vote. The previous question was asked for, but Mr. Mitchell persuaded his side to postpone this vote until every one who had anything to say had been heard. As a consequence of these tactics, which appealed by their fairness to the minority, the vote was delayed for one day, but the result of it, when taken at last, was absolutely unanimous.

The most remarkable feat which I have ever seen Mr. Mitchell perform occurred during his three days' cross-examination before the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. There seemed to be a conspiracy to bait the president of the Mine Workers, and the placing of Mitchell upon the stand was the signal for the firing off of volleys of accusations against the miners' organization and its chief with the view of entangling him in contradictions and misstatements. It was not easy to justify or even to explain all the actions of an organization and its various members during the five months of the struggle. The situation called for a most active and alert intellect; but Mitchell rose to the occasion in a manner surprising even to those who had the highest opinion of his ability. The cross-examining lawyers were met by answers perplexing in their directness and apparent simplicity; and in many cases questions which were to have embarrassed the witness acted as boomerangs, and confounded the lawyers who propounded them. In fact, one of the attorneys who had been most intemperate in his cross-examination found himself before many minutes in the undignified position of attempting to justify the actions of his own client, and, in an apologetic and exculpatory frame of mind, finally brought his futile cross-examination to an end.

The most noticeable of John Mitchell's intellectual gifts are a keenness of perception and a saneness of judgment. He seems to possess the remarkable gift of arousing enthusiasm in others without being blinded by enthusiasm himself. He seems with an instinctive precision to divine the motives of men, and to see the distant results of an action as clearly as its proximate consequences. Still, perhaps many of his successes have been due less to a calculation of results than to the workings of an innate good taste. When, during the strike of 1902, one of the opposed railway presidents was being attacked all over the country for an unfortunate letter which he had written, there was at least one man who let pass the opportunity of taunting him. In fact, I could never discover in Mitchell any sense of animosity or embitterment toward the men to whom he was opposed. While willing to take any fair advantage which opportunity offered, he did not desire to make his attacks personal or in any way to wound the men who antagonized him. His philosophy in that respect is like that of the trained prize-fighter who feels no hatred against his antagonist even though he is endeavoring to disable him temporarily.

The secret of John Mitchell's success lies in part in his comprehension of the other man's philosophy. He realizes perfectly clearly that the actions of men are determined by their training and by the economic conditions under which they live, and he is no more disposed to hate people for disagreeing with him than to quarrel with the laws of gravitation. He is naturally conciliatory in his speech and seeks to meet men on a common ground, tending rather to emphasize their articles of agreement than their points of difference. It is for this reason among others that so many men opposed to trade unionism somehow feel after arguing with Mitchell that there is something to be said for these doctrines, and conclude that Mr. Mitchell, at least, is a reasonable representative of these ideas.

There is no "give" to Mitchell's trade union doctrines. He is first and last and all the time a trade unionist. With him trade unionism is more than a policy. It is almost a religion. It is in vain to bring arguments against trade unionism to him. He invariably attributes any defects to individual mistakes, and still maintains that the trade union as such is in no wise to blame.

Mr. Mitchell once described himself to me as an opportunist, but I should rather say that he is an opportunist with fixed principles. His fundamental ideal is the elevation of the working class. His conception of the manner in which this may be accomplished is for the time being the building up and improvement of the trade union. Mr. Mitchell does not look far into the future. He consciously limits his vision to the present generation, or even to the next decade. Beyond that he does not understand, and does not much want to understand; he does not seek to guide his present policy by any possible or probable effect that it may have upon the welfare of any future generation. It is perhaps this intentional short-sightedness, as much as anything else, which makes for the power and strength of the trade union leaders. Mr. Mitchell does not know whether or not trade unionism will be a thing to be striven for fifty years from now, but for the present he is content to do everything in his power to work along the lines now laid down.

In many ways Mitchell gives indications of his devotion to the trade union movement. One of these signs, which, however, would not appeal to a unionist, is his continuance in office as President of the United Mine Workers, a position which pays only $3,000 a year, and which requires an intensity and an amount of work sufficient to kill an ordinary man. Mitchell has never sought political preferment, and he has steadily repelled advances by which he might have secured remunerative positions by giving up his interest in the trade union movement. Part of this steadfastness may be due to mere inertia, and to the glamour and the great sense of power which the position confers; but, this notwithstanding, there can be no doubt that in maintaining his present position he is making considerable material sacrifices for a moral end.

While spending a month in Chicago a few years ago, Mitchell was living in a place where he found it difficult to obtain union cigars. I remember one morning our devoting almost an hour to looking for a place where such cigars could be obtained, and thereafter he regularly took his morning walk of twelve blocks to get his cigars with the coveted union label. There must have been a pleasure in this sacrifice, since I never could persuade him to purchase these union cigars in sufficient quantities to avoid the daily inconvenience.

With all his keenness, Mitchell is, I believe, a pre-eminently simple, straightforward man. He is interested in simple things, and likes people who are naïve and not subtle. He has no taste and little understanding for personal luxuries, and is not vain enough to enjoy the acclaims and laudations which he receives. With scores of friends and thousands of admirers, he is, I believe, really lonely; and with a record of great achievements and startling successes, he does not seem to feel much the happier for them. Some men deserve happiness without achieving it, as some achieve it without deserving it. Mitchell feels the sufferings of the class to which he belongs. He is too close to the toiler to consider his calamities statistically. I have seen him moved almost to tears by the news of a mine accident in which two or three unknown foreign miners were killed, at the very moment when he himself was leading a hundred thousand men into hunger and privation in their struggle for a great cause.

Mitchell is scrupulously honest in a position in which even a slight ambiguity of conduct would be extremely lucrative. Mark Twain once boasted that he was superior to George Washington, because George Washington could not tell a lie, whereas he, Twain, could, but would not. I think that Mr. Mitchell's honesty is of the instinctive Washington kind, and not of the reflective or Twain variety. He is absolutely and thoroughly devoted to the men and to his union simply because no other course ever suggested itself as a possibility.

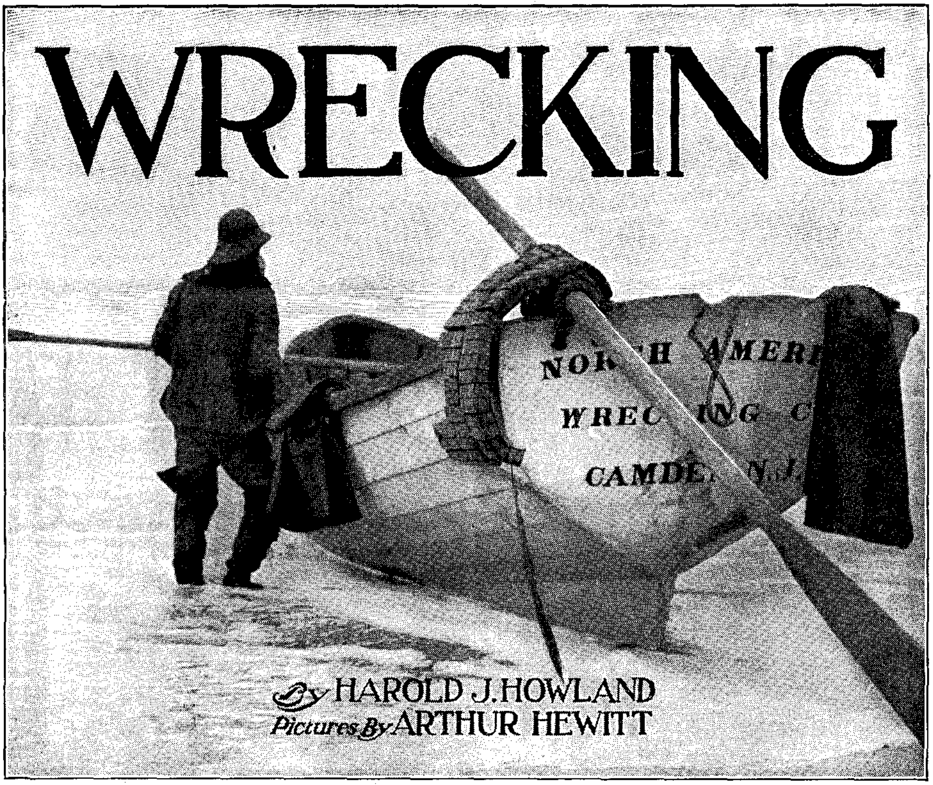
It is characteristic of Mitchell that he believes that no direct attempt was ever made to bribe him. I have a story, at second hand, from a man who himself went to Wilkesbarre with the determination to buy Mitchell, whatever the price. The man was bold, facile, plausible, with a record which might have been envied by the most enterprising of scoundrels. He arrived at Wilkesbarre late at night, and went straight to Mitchell's room, carrying with him a valise with the goods in it. He came resolved to settle the matter out of hand. He left the room after less than fifteen minutes, without having talked on any subject more exciting than the prospects of the strike or the state of the weather, and without having mustered up courage to propose his dishonorable scheme to the man who gravely and innocently conversed with him.

And yet a man in the position of Mitchell must fear not only attempts at bribery, but cajolery, intimidation, the treachery of secret enemies, and the officiousness and foolish zeal of friends. He is liable to be attacked with the mere idea of drawing him into an unprofitable and dangerous controversy, and he must be able to hold his peace under all manner of provocation. It is difficult to realize how lonely a man like Mitchell may be in his exalted position, with the enormous responsibilities upon him, and it is absolutely impossible to tell how slight a missile may wound him most deeply.

I was once told by Mitchell that the thing which pained him most during the strike of 1902 was a letter received from a man in Chicago telling him that during the strike his wife had been run over by a train while picking up coal along the railroad. "If you ever come to Chicago," the man wrote, "I will surely kill you, though I will give you a chance for your life." It was simply one of a hundred letters of intimidation, but the single note in it of the wife dying as a result of this strike clouded for months the horizon of Mitchell, so that he constantly dreamed of it.

It is by reason of his qualities and their defects, by virtue of his powers and his limitations, that John Mitchell is so mighty and beneficent an influence in the labor world. He is the ideal trade union leader because he is singly and always for the union; because he limits his efforts to the immediately attainable, and because, without compromise, he reconciles opposing factions.

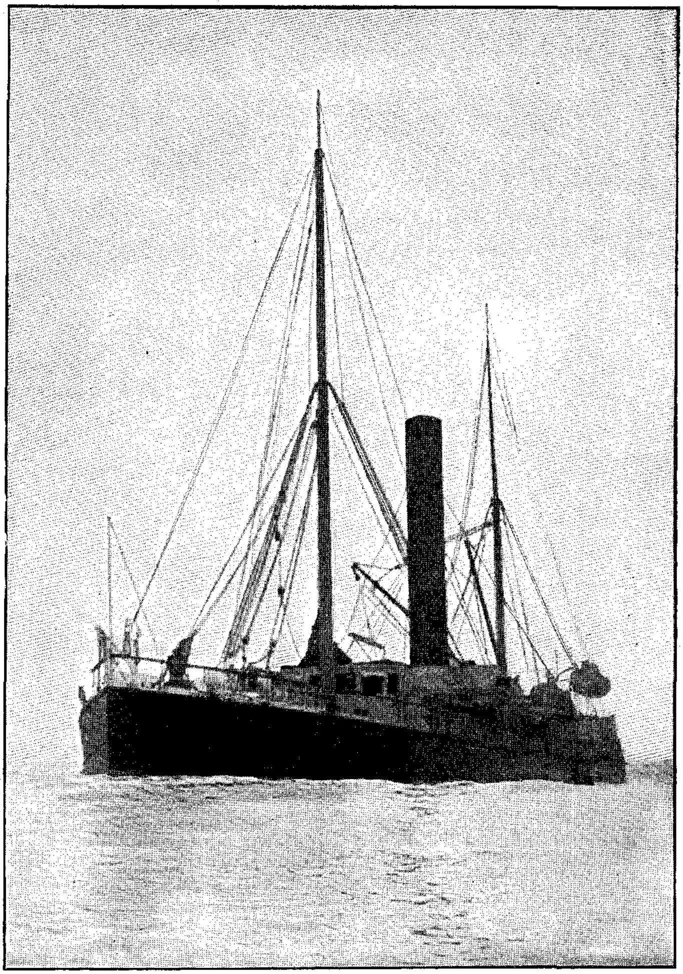
WRECKING



By HAROLD J. HOWLAND
Pictures By ARTHUR HEWITT

ON the outer edge of the famous Board Walk at Atlantic City, just where it makes a bend toward the Inlet, stands a square watch-tower. It belongs to the Atlantic City Life-Saving Station, and beneath it swings the big surf-boat, ready at need to be lowered into the waves that wash about the tower's feet. It was a raw Sunday morning with a brisk wind from the northeast dashing the fine rain into our faces as we tramped along. We clambered up the iron ladder and knocked at the trap-door in the floor of the tower. The door was lifted, and a helping hand pulled us up into a little square room, well filled with men. The life-saver is never a demonstrative fellow, and we did not expect an enthusiastic welcome. But every one in the room was too preoccupied even to notice our arrival, and we dropped into a corner with no desire to interrupt the proceedings. At the front window crouched burly Captain Parker, his eye to a telescope, and his whole attitude expressing concentration. At his elbow stood a young surfman, with the black-bound International Signal Code in his hand. Following with our eyes the direction indicated by the telescope, we saw out at sea a steamer, with two masts and a curiously tall funnel, lying quietly as though at anchor. It was the Cherokee, from San Domingo for New York, with a general cargo and a dozen passengers. She had run into fog, lasting for four days, and in the midst of it she found herself fast aground on Brigantine Shoals. To one unfamiliar with that shore and the treacherous nature of those ill-famed sands, there was nothing to indicate the desperate situation of the vessel. In front of the tower, to be sure, and to the east where the Inlet separates the city from Brigantine Island, the foaming breakers showed the presence of shoal water extending far from the beach. But the steamer was too far out for the eye to distinguish the waves which were doubtless breaking over her decks.

"She's just hoisted her ensign and the code flag, to show she wants to talk to us," whispered the life-saver who had opened the trap-door for us. "We've



THE CHEROKEE FAST ON THE BRIGANTINE SHOALS

run up our answering pennant, and the Captain's looking for their signal."

In the silence that followed we could hear the slat of the halliards on the flag-staff above our heads, where our pennant was hoisted at the dip, telling the steamer that we were all eyes for her message.

"They're slow enough about getting that signal up," growled the Captain; and a young life-saver remarked, "Don't suppose they feel any too brisk out there this morning, after last night. Wonder if they had any fire! Say, that wind did blow some, didn't it?"

A muttered exclamation from the Captain forestalled any reply, and we strained our eyes again anxiously through the gloom. There was plenty of cause for anxiety. The Cherokee had been for forty hours in the sands, and the northeast storm which had been blowing throughout the night must have driven her faster into their grip. There were half a score of passengers on board, forty-odd of her crew, a dozen men of the wrecking crew of the tug North America, and two life saving crews who had gone aboard her soon after she struck.

"There she is," cried the Captain at last. "D;" a pause, then he muttered, "Square flag, yellow and blue diagonal stripes. What's that? Oh, yes: Y." Another pause, while he screwed the glass into a little better focus. "E—D, Y, E. Look her up, Jim."

Jim, with hands stiffened by much

handling of the oar, slowly turned the pages of the Code Book, followed down a column with a thick finger, and announced: "D Y E. All well."

A subdued shuffling of feet as each man shifted his position a little, and a hoarse clearing of the throat by one or two, were the only signs of the relief the message had brought to us all.

"Hoist the pennant, Ed," directed the Captain, and in a moment our code flag was flying clear up, telling the steamer's people that their signal was understood.

Captain Parker took up his glass again, and with much less delay this time was able to announce the next signal, "Code flag under U K," which Jim interpreted as "Ten." "Ten what?" asked one of the landlubbers, innocently, to be met with the brief reply, "Don't know. That's coming."

Again our pennant was hoisted clear up and dropped to the dip, and quickly a third string of flags completed the message—"feet of water in the hold."

"Ten feet of water in her hold! That's bad!"

"She must have opened up after that pounding she got last night. She'll never get off now. No use trying to pump her out with the hole she must have in her."

"Don't believe it. She took it in through her hatchings. The seas were breaking right over her all night."

"Why, man, they wouldn't dare to stir her hatches yet. I'll bet her engines are right through her."

The discussion grew heated and complicated, with frequent references to wrecks of bygone years and strenuous citations of the long and varied experience of the debater in all matters connected with the sea.

But we were more interested in the practical side of the wreck than in anybody's theories about it. We wanted to get on board the Cherokee, and we turned from the discussion to ask the Captain how it could be done.

"Want somebody to take you out to the steamer? Well, you might get some of those fishermen up at the Inlet. Say, Cap," he continued, turning to address an old man in a pilot jacket who was quietly smoking in a corner, "do you know of any boat that might take these boys out to the Cherokee to-day?

WAITING FOR THE SURF TO GO DOWN A LITTLE

There's a powerful sea running out there," and he indicated with a sweep of his arm the waste of breakers which lay between us and the ship.

"Cap" rose stiffly from his chair, gazed for a moment out over the waters, his eyes shaded by his hand, and replied, "Waal, I guess none of those fellers would want to go out there to-day 'thout they had some almighty good reason for it. There's the Alberta, now. She might do it if you paid enough for it. She's the best boat sailin' out of the Inlet."

"I heard this morning," broke in the young life-saver called Ed, "that Casto refused an offer of a hundred dollars to go out to the ship yesterday."

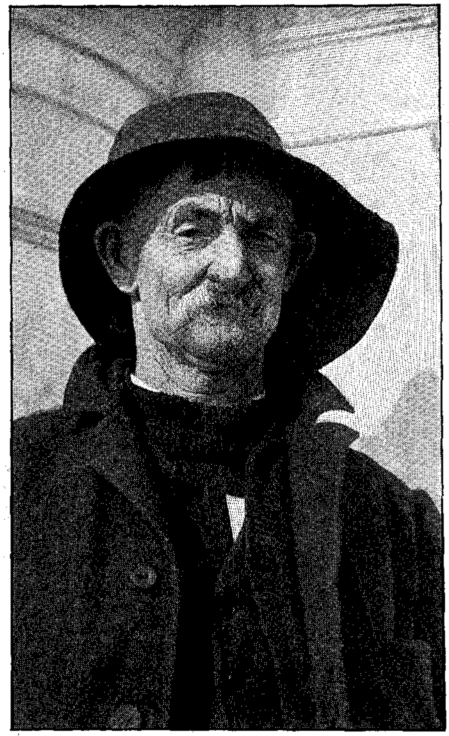
"Waal, he might go to-day, if ye paid him right. But if Mark Casto won't go, nobody else would dare to."

Discouraged by this statement of the case, we determined to go over to the South Brigantine Life-Saving Station, the nearest station to the shoals where the steamer lay. A few hours later we embarked at the Inlet in a Bank skiff fitted with a gasoline engine, navigated by a genial fisherman of uncertain age, with spectacles resting far down on his nose, and a spark of dry humor in his eye. We had just learned that Mark Casto and the Alberta had gone out to the Cherokee at eleven o'clock. But it was no promise of pay that had made him drive his little schooner through those foaming breakers to the side of the stranded vessel. It was the message we had seen signaled in the morning, "Ten feet of water in the hold," that had made him resolve to help that stranded company if he could. As we circled round the serpentine curves of the channel that leads through salt meadows to Brigantine's back door we could see, now dead ahead, now abeam, now astern, as the vagaries of the channel whirled us about, the Alberta lying to not far from the Cherokee. Her mainsail, sheeted in, was shaking in the wind, and her mastheads performed a grotesque dance as she rolled and pitched with the waves. What they were doing out there we didn't know; but soon her foresail was hoisted, then her jib, and she filled away toward Atlantic City.

TOM JONES
Foreman of the North America's wrecking crew.

The South Brigantine Life-Saving Station is an old and incommodious building, hardly a credit to our Government's sense of generosity in providing for its faithful servants. But you can get as warm a welcome there as in the finest station in the service, and the appearance of the building is no criterion of the spirit which it houses. Captain Smith and most of his crew were still on the Cherokee, but two surfmen had come off with the crew of the Brigantine station, their neighbors to the north. After supper a dozen members of a wrecking crew, who were waiting for an opportunity to get aboard the steamer and assist their comrades already there in doing all that was possible to save the vessel and her cargo, dropped in, one by one, from the neighboring hotel.

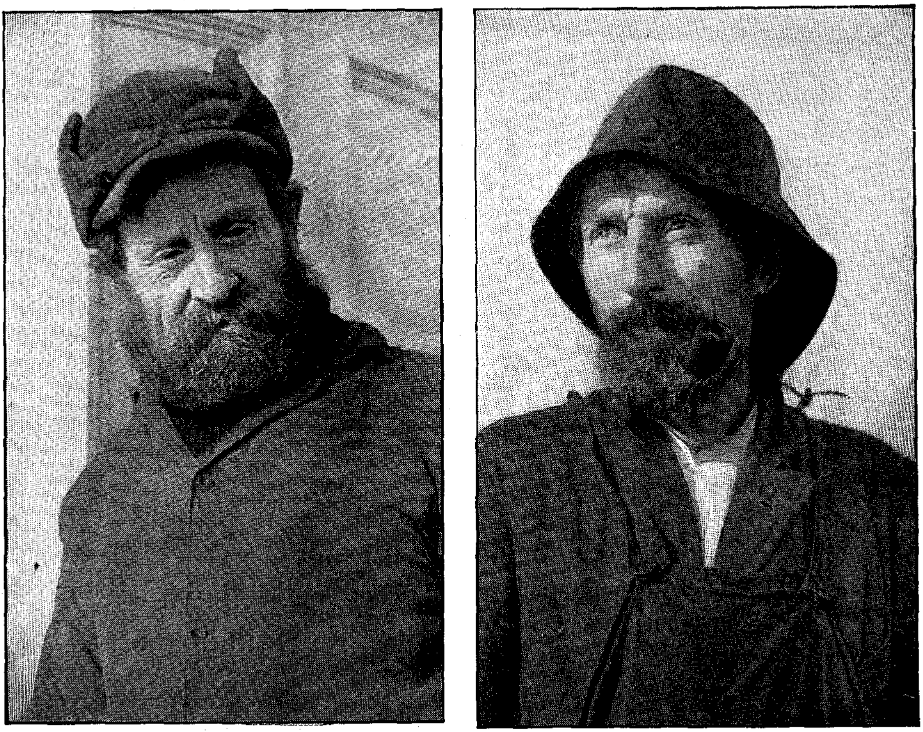
"Well, George, how's it been out on the steamer these two days? Been working hard?" asked the captain of the wreckers, as he pulled up a chair and extended his legs luxuriously under the stove. George, thus addressed, was Surfman George Blackman, the Number One of the South Brigantine crew. He had just been promoted to the position of Keeper of the Forked River Station up the coast, whither he would betake himself in a few days. He shivered and drew closer to the fire.



"There's one thing I'm sure of," said he; "the water's blamed cold out there."

"How do you know? Been in it?' queried the wrecker.

"You bet I have. I was thrown out of that lifeboat as clean as anything you ever saw."



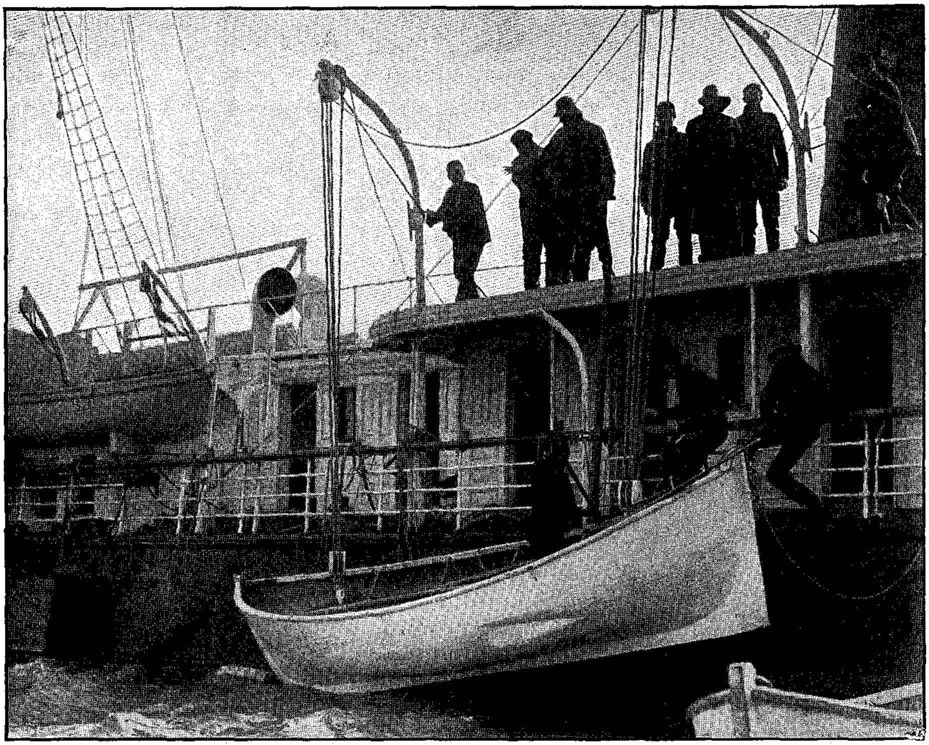
A TRIO OF WRECKERS

He hugged himself a little tighter as he recalled his icy bath, and then continued, " But we got every one of those passengers and the crew aboard the Alberta without hurting anybody, and that was pretty good luck with that sea running. Mine was the only accident there was, and I guess it didn't hurt me any. I've been twenty years in the service, and if I was to stay twenty years more I wouldn't expect to do a harder day's work than we did out there to-day."

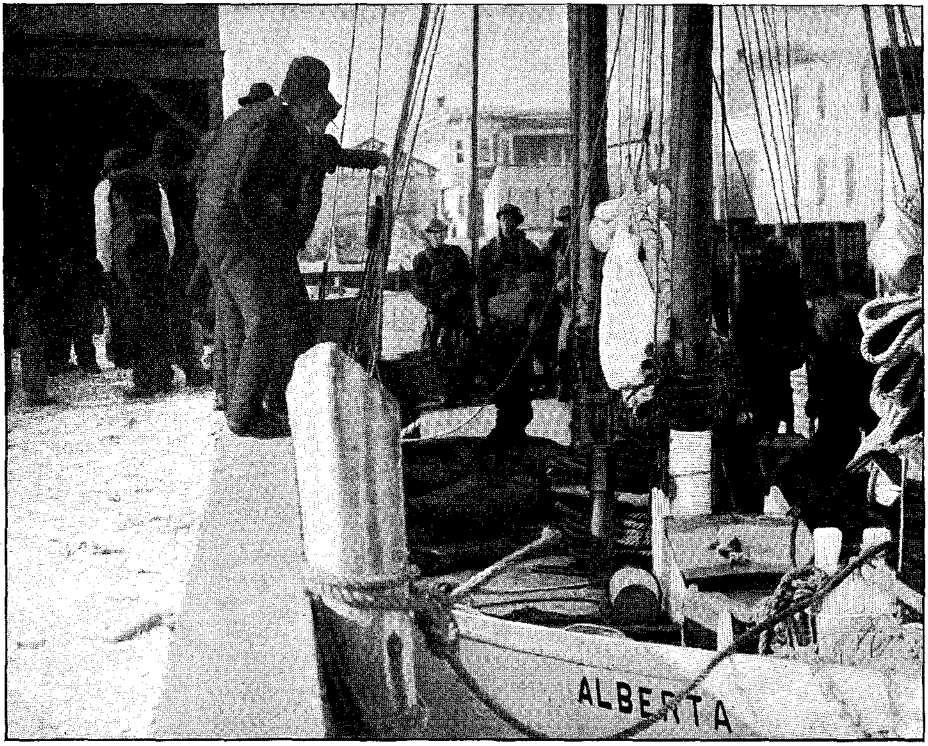
In response to a little urging, he told us, simply and quietly, the story of the past two days. The crew of this station had gone out to the steamer soon after she struck, and not many hours later the North America, the wrecking company's big seagoing tug, appeared and sent a big hawser aboard the stranded ship and set herself doggedly to the task of pulling her off. The sea was quiet, and the captain of the Cherokee expected that at any moment she would be freed from the sands. So the life-savers' offer to land the passengers in their surf-boats was courteously declined. The North America kept at her work all day Saturday, but the steamer had run far on the shoals, and the Brigantine quicksands have a tenacious grip. Saturday evening it began to blow hard from the northeast, and the tug had to slip her hawser and run to sea for safety. All that night the wind blew merrily and the seas broke spitefully over the deck of the captive vessel, throwing the spray almost to her mastheads. It was an anxious night for all on board, and crew and passengers were glad of the presence of the life-savers with their stanch surf-boats. Sunday morning found the steamer a mile nearer the shore and settled more securely in the sands, the "ten feet of water in the hold" forcing her gradually deeper and deeper. It was useless to think of taking the people from the ship in the surf-boats with so heavy a sea running, except as a desperate last resort. The time hadn't yet come for that, and there was nothing to do but to wait.

CAPTAIN MARK CASTO

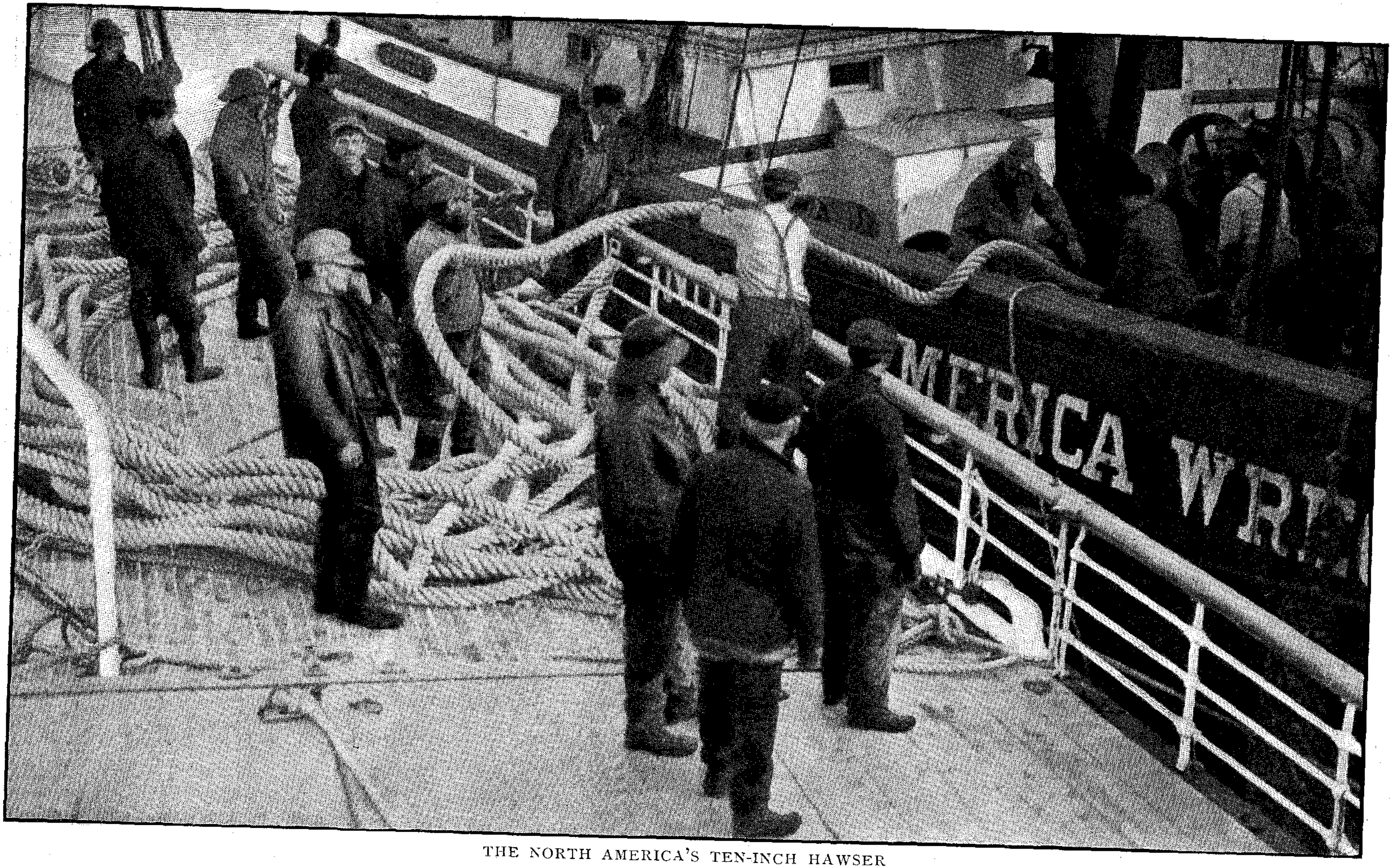
It was about noon that the Alberta came out, driving straight across the bar, where a record high tide gave her all the water she needed. Working the schooner round to windward, Captain Casto dropped anchor three hundred and fifty fathoms away, and paid out his cable slowly until the Alberta was within a hundred fathoms of the steamer. With two of his crew he launched a dory and boarded the Cherokee with the dry query, " Anybody want to go ashore ?" There were plenty who did, and the life-saving crews, aided by Casto and his men and by the wreckers, undertook the work of transferring passengers and crew. One of the steamer's lifeboats, with lines from her bow to each of the two vessels, was ferried back and forth till all the ship's company except the captain, the first officer, and the carpenter were crowded in the Alberta's tiny cabin and on her deck. The waves rolled level with the steamer's deck, and at times the watchers could hardly see the Alberta as a sea broke over her, smothering her with the spray. Four boats were lost before the rescue was complete. One of the Alberta's dories was stove in as she crossed the bar; the other was swept away by a sea which snapped the line by which it was being slacked away from the steamer's side a



THE BOAT THAT DID THE RESCUING
The dent in its side shows where it struck the Alberta



THE ALBERTA LANDING A LOAD OF CARGO FROM THE CHEROKEE



THE NORTH AMERICA'S TEN-INCH HAWSER

moment after Casto and his companions had left it; one of the ship's boats, used to carry a line to the Alberta, was overturned and swept away, again just after its occupants had quitted it; another was snatched from the davits where it hung above the steamer's rail.

Many journeys had been safely made by the little boat when, as she started away from the Alberta's side, a sudden sea swept her back with a vicious slap against the schooner's rail. Almost before he knew what had happened, George was thrown, as he explained it, "clip an' clean" into the water ten feet from the boat. His cork jacket buoyed him up, and a few strokes brought him within reach of the line thrown him by his companions. He wasn't in the water many minutes, but it doesn't take a long swim in January to chill the blood even of a seasoned life-saver.

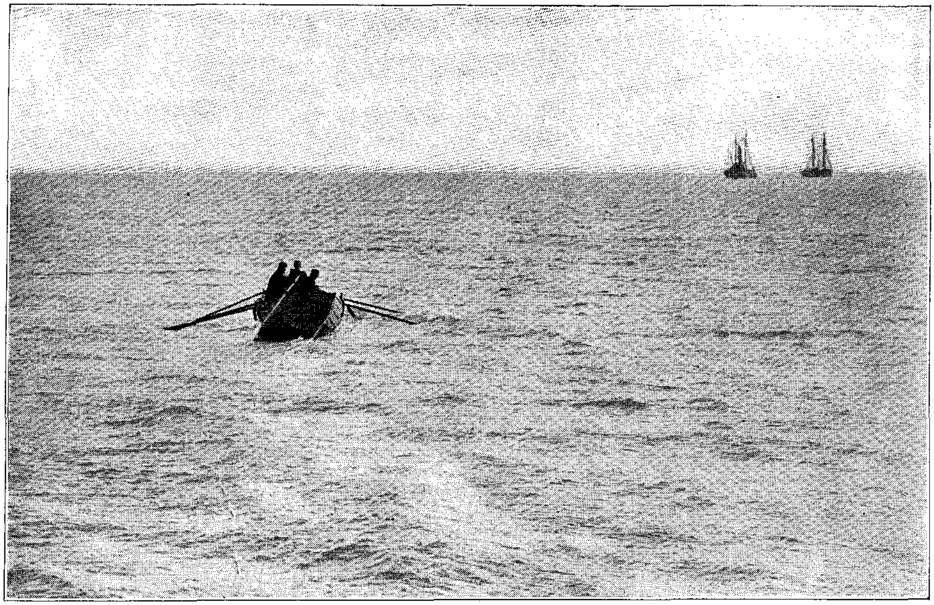
After a climb to the cupola of the station for a look at the lights out at sea, showing where the tug and lighter lay ready for the morning's work, we turned in for a good sleep, broken only by a call to the telephone to tell some newspaper man that there was nothing new from the wreck.

The next day we went out to the stranded steamer with the life-savers. A first trip from the beach in a surf-boat with a good sea running is an experience to be remembered, and to be avoided if your nerve is not quite steady. There is, first of all, something a little ominous in the businesslike way in which they strap you into a cumbrous cork jacket. The rollers breaking on the beach have a savage look as the Captain waits for the right moment to give the word; and when you are well into them, the ease with which they shoulder the boat high in the air and drop it with a slap into the succeeding trough is impressive. But the seven sturdy surfmen handle their fourteen-foot oars as easily as you would a canoe paddle, and the Captain standing above you, as you crouch in the stern, guides the big boat with the long steering-oar, with a finesse that is even more impressive than the blustering forcefulness of the waves.

On the steamer's deck we found her Captain, plainly worn by the strain and anxiety of the past few days, but with an expression of eye and mouth that told of courage and nerve unbroken even by this first disaster in his many years of service. Decks, cabins, staterooms, and gallery showed a sad con fusion. The ten-inch hawser of the wrecking tug in a huge coil on the forward deck was a witness to her prompt but unavailing effort to foil the greed of the sands. A hoist of signal flags trailed on the deck from its slack halyard; miscellaneous ropes, usually coiled away, shipshape, on handspikes or in lockers, lay scattered promiscuously; a barrel of hardtack stood open in the saloon; on the bridge a china plate bore fragments of icing from a Christmas cake; in the staterooms the little accompaniments of travel, a tooth-brush, a comb, a bunch of magazines, a razor, had been dropped or forgotten in the hurry of departure. Confusion had even penetrated to the pilot-house, the inner sanctuary of seamanship and orderliness, where the mute engine-room telegraph, its pointer at the words "full speed astern," told of the moment when the touch of the shoal was felt. On the lee rail the hand lead, which for some mysterious reason had failed to warn the mariners, bewildered by the fog, of the dangerous shallows so near at hand, hung in its useless coils of line.

A trip down the after-companionway ended abruptly in an expanse of water covered with floating débris, and with table-tops rising above in the dim light like shadowy islands. The "ten feet of water in the hold" had doubled, and the water without and within was at the same level, rising and falling with the tide. Until that water could be got out, the good ship Cherokee would stay where she was, nestling slowly but inevitably into the coaxing, cruel sands.

Whether the water could be got out was for the North America's big pump to say, as soon as the sea was calm enough for it to be put aboard. Meanwhile there was plenty for the wreckers to do. All the ship's fittings that could be carried away must be collected and transferred to the Alberta and some of her companion smacks, to be taken to Atlantic City, with as much of her cargo as could be reached at ebb tide. As we



TAKING A HAWSER OFF TO THE LOTTIE

left the steamer that afternoon they were busily ripping up carpets, unscrewing lamps, candle-holders, mirrors, and wash-basins, coiling up ropes, stripping the pilot-house and bridge of chronometer, compass, binnacle lamps, and charts.

A wrecker has need of an ample stock of patience, as we found out during the next two days. A blow from the northeast, hardly half a gale, but enough to make approach to the stranded steamer difficult, kept us all on shore, kicking our heels and listening to stories of former wrecks from the old-timers of the company. Every one had left the ship soon after we did, for they could do no good by spending the night there, and a sudden storm might add danger to the discomforts of life on the cheerless deck. Only a quartet of watchmen, armed with Winchesters, garrisoned the vessel; for there are other "wreckers," descendants of those rough men of olden days to whom a wreck on their shore was treasure-trove brought to them by Providence, and not always an unassisted Providence.

At last the wind swung to the west, smoothing out the sea. In the gray morning chill, at an hour so early that the too-civilized processes of an Atlantic City hotel could not compass even the thought of breakfast, we groped our way across the wharf to the deck of the Alberta. A hail down the companionway to our friend the cook brought up cups of coffee, huge sandwiches of fried eggs, and a handful of cookies. By twos and threes the wreckers appeared from various directions, and we were well across the bar before the sun began to drive away the morning mists. Once on the ship the hustle began. The tide was at the ebb, and in the next few hours they must get out as much cargo as they could. A fishing-smack was laid alongside amidships, and through an open port a miscellaneous collection of merchandise was poured into her. Bags of raw sugar, soaked in salt water till half their contents was dissolved, and they became slimy, slippery masses of stickiness; great square logs of satin-wood; misshapen chunks of fustic or yellow-wood, the raw material of dye-stuffs of many colors; round logs of lignum vitæ destined to become bowling-balls, ship's blocks, rulers, and pestles; bales of sisal hemp, a product of a kind of century plant, and the best fiber for making cordage, next to manila hemp. Not only cargo but a dozen hand-trucks, used for loading and unloading when in port, great coils of hawsers and mooring-lines, heavy chains for hoisting cargo from the hold, were dragged out and stowed away on the smack.

Overhead, at the ship's rail, stood the jovial little custom-house officer, carefully noting every bag of sugar, every log of wood, every bale that left the ship, for nothing must pass Uncle Sam's protective wall, even in case of disaster, without his knowledge and consent. Beside him a young member of the wrecking crew kept equal tally of the cargo, and, besides, a list of everything belonging to the ship that went ashore; for the insurers, who in this case controlled the wrecking company as well, must keep good track of everything that is landed, for what they can save will help them out on the insurance that they must pay.

Below in the 'tween-decks a gang of wreckers, rubber-booted to the hips, and armed with iron hooks, waded through the dirty flood and dragged the cargo to the open port. The pale wintry light from without mingled with the smoky gleam of a couple of ship's lanterns, and half revealed a scene weird and unnatural. The incongruity of this expanse of water inside the ship, the tide rising and falling, the swells sweeping regularly through her in unison with those without, emphasized the pathos of her plight. On deck the work of dismantling was going on; all the metal fittings, stateroom and cabin furnishings, everything,

FITTING UP THE BOILER

in fact, that was movable and detachable, went over the side into the rapidly filling smack.

The North America, with her big attendant lighter, the Lottie, lay out at sea, as near as the depth of water would permit. Toward noon a surf-boat put out from the steamer bearing the free end of a hawser from a coil on deck. The end was taken to the Lottie, made fast to her steam-winch, and the broad-beamed craft began to pull herself in, hand over hand, to the motionless steamer. She came alongside, and made fast bow and stern; one of her big derricks picked up from her deck, like a toy, a twenty-foot boiler and swung it over toward us. It was lowered lightly into position on our deck, to be followed by the centrifugal pump, looking like a great snail-shell mounted on a pedestal for exhibition purposes. The engineer and his assistants followed—not, however, by the derrick route—and began, with workmanlike despatch, to fit up pump and boiler with their proper steam-pipes and valves. They cut a hole in the deck and dropped a six-inch inlet pipe far down into the water in the hold.

ONE OF THE ALBERTA'S CREW

With them came Captain Gibbons, the company's wrecking-master, and for over a score of years in command of the North America. If his face was shriveled as if by the force of the ocean winds, and the watery blue of his eye seemed to reflect a little the element whose work he had so many times striven to undo, there was no lack of force and decision in his character. Things began to move a little more rapidly and to better purpose as he took command in person. He was a quaint figure in his little overcoat of pious black and his hat that aroused at once the enthusiasm of the artist, who cannot quite forget his English origin, and who whispered, "By Jove, that's a real 'bowler' hat; it's a beastly long time since I've seen the real thing."

The Captain looked over the vessel with the eye of experience, and pointed out how the deck in the smoking-room was bulging and how the woodwork in the corners of the room was racked. "That shows it," he said; "it wouldn't hump up that way unless her bottom was broken. I'm afraid it won't be much good to start the pump going, but the owners want it tried, so we're going to try it. If this wind shifts, though, we're likely to lose our pump and boiler too. It wouldn't take many seas breaking over her the way they did the other night to pick them clean off the deck. Well, let 'em go; they don't owe us anything. They've done some good bits of work in their time."

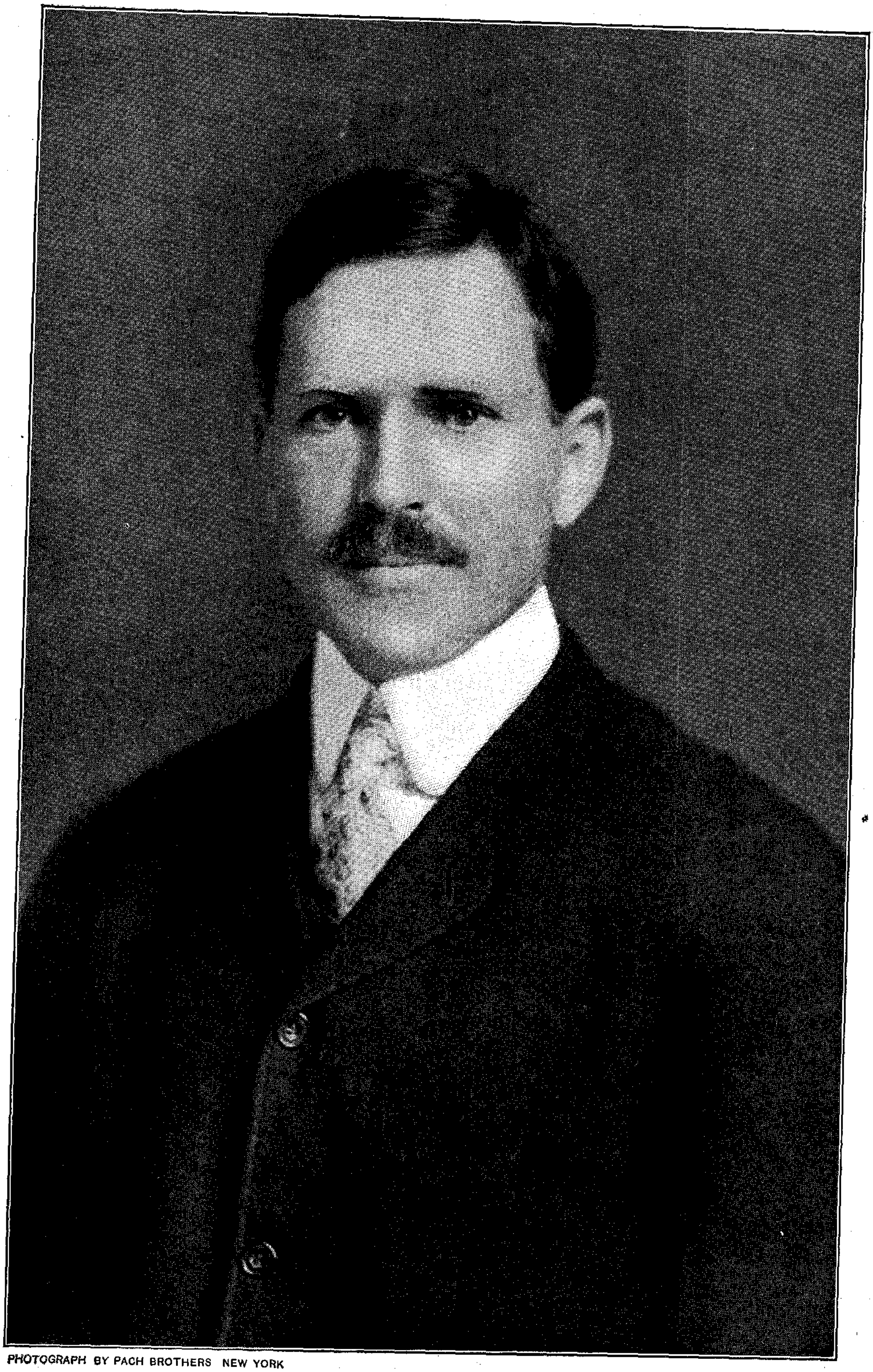
We asked him about the night the North America had to slip her hawser and run for it.

"Well, sir, I held on as long as I could. But it didn't look as though they were having a good time on the steamer here. The seas weren't breaking over her house; they were breaking over her mastheads. I tell you, it did blow. I was sure then that her bottom was broke. She couldn't have stood that pounding and not opened up some. I knew that even if we did get her off that night and out into deep water, she'd just as likely as not go straight to the bottom. I didn't want to risk it, you can be sure. Men are worth a lot more to me than ships—especially when they're women." Leaving final directions for the pumping at the next flood tide, the Captain went aboard the Lottie. With a hawser to the North America this time, she walked herself out to her berth again, and soon started off behind the tug to the Delaware Breakwater after coal.

As we left the steamer that afternoon the pump was all ready to begin its task in the morning—a task that seemed to promise about as little practical result as the proverbial operation of trying "to spit to windward."

Back in the city a few days later, an item tucked away in the corner of the morning paper provoked moralizations on the uncertainties of prophecy and the particularly hazardous nature of the business of making predictions in the case of ships and other feminines. It read:

> Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 27.—The stranded steamer Cherokee was entirely cleared of water by the pump last night, and was promptly freed from the shoal by the wrecking tug North America. She proceeded to New York in tow of the tug this morning.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS NEW YORK

JAMES R. GARFIELD

THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF CORPORATIONS

BY GAILLARD HUNT

THERE is no severer test of character than that which comes to the children of men of great position. Flattery and indulgence surround them and combine for their undoing; and this is especially the case when the father occupies such an eminence as the Presidency of the United States. In attaining this supreme position there are no preparatory gradations, but he and his family are suddenly lifted up to an altitude in which they have been wholly unaccustomed to live; for the distance between any other public position in our country, however high, and the Presidency is not measurable, it is so great.

When James A. Garfield was the leader of the House of Representatives, he lived a retired family life, surrounded by a family of five young children, who attracted no more attention than the children of a hundred other men in Washington. Every summer they spent upon the farm at Mentor, Ohio, surrounded by neighbors who lived as simply as they did. They had, however, an advantage over other children, for the father was a gentle and persistent teacher. He had at one time been a school-teacher and a preacher, too, and the home was a place in which the children learned while they played, and heard sermons without knowing they were being preached to. This father was a great scholar, who knew his Horace as well as he knew the Republican platform, and could discourse with equal facility upon the Books of Moses or the tariff, and he talked to his children about the subject in which he was interested. In nature he was himself a boy, and a very lovable boy, and his own boys had a romantic love and admiration for him and patterned after him. The mode of life and bringing up of this family were idyllic, and there was nothing to indicate that it would change until the children should go out in the world to start homes of their own.

In June, 1880, the two eldest boys were at St. Paul's School, waiting for the school term to close, when they would join the rest of the family at the farm. The father was attending a convention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency; but the family would soon be united at the farm, and plans were already being made for the summer; when, without a word of warning, a thunderbolt fell and shattered all the plans. The father was nominated for the Presidency, and for the next six months the farm was a place of turmoil and confusion, the centering point for millions of pairs of eyes and the resort of thousands of visitors. They looked first upon the candidate, and then upon his farm and cattle, and then upon his wife and children, and pictures and descriptions of them all were sent far and wide. The pretty lawns around the wooden house were flattened by myriads of feet; the fences were broken by the crowds; brass bands came every day and rent the air with blaring music, and orators shouted out speeches to a gentleman who stood upon his own porch and realized that it was his own no more—that he had accepted service of a new master who would permit him to have no private life, and that the simplicity and charm of the home circle were gone.

From Mentor the Garfields moved into the White House at Washington. Any week-day the people can walk into the house from the street and satisfy their curiosity by wandering through its corridors and testing the chairs in the great East Room; for it is their house and the occupants are merely tenants at will. When General Garfield was President, the house was also the public executive office, and a thin partition was all that kept office-seekers from intruding into the bedrooms. Assuredly, the surroundings were not those in which an intelligent father would wish to rear a boy.

When James Rudolph Garfield, the President's second son, went to live in the White House, he was sixteen years of age, probably the most critical age of life. He was a harum-scarum, ubiquitous boy, and Washington soon came to know him well. He rode horseback a great deal and often rode fast; he had a choice group of associates who were no more civilized than himself, and their pranks were interesting and various. Young Jim was seen driving a four-mule team before a farm wagon one day, and there was a rumor that he had taken a swim in the White House fountain late one night. The serious throng that frequented his father's office was often startled by loud whoops coming from other parts of the house, where Jim and his companions were engaged in frivolous pursuits. If he had not had an elder brother more staid and sober-minded than himself to guard over him, there is no telling what extravagance of conduct he might not have committed.

The White House life lasted only a few months, and closed in gloom. The adored father was stricken down, and before death had claimed him his two elder sons were at Williams College. After the father's death the world forgot them. James went through college quietly and creditably. The early training had laid a foundation which the dangerous surroundings during the Presidential period had not shaken, and upon this foundation he began to build. After graduation he tested his leaning for a doctor's life and studied medicine, but, finding that he preferred the law, he went to New York and entered a law office and the Columbia law school. He took his degree and went back to Ohio, and soon the firm of Garfield and Garfield, lawyers, was doing business, the senior partner being that elder brother who had been James's monitor when they lived in the White House.

Mentor is an attractive place. The old house which President Garfield owned has been much enlarged since his death, and near it is the handsome house which James built for himself as soon as he had the necessary money. The village itself is a model village. There is a good free library, which was established before Mr. Carnegie began giving libraries away; a neat town hall; a well-kept street which is lighted at night; and a sturdy little lock-up, which is seldom occupied. The village is well governed, and a part of this government James Garfield was from the time he became a lawyer until he accepted a Federal office, and he worked hard to give his village as good a government as any other village in the land. He believed that his first duty lay in this village, and Mentor admits that it owes him a great deal.

While he was still helping to govern Mentor he was elected to the State Senate, and his service there was especially notable for two measures with which he was identified—a Corrupt Practices Act, which he carried through triumphantly, and one of the best-drawn civil service bills ever offered in a State legislature, which failed of passage. The Corrupt Practices Act was a thorn in the sides of the bad politicians of both parties for several years, and one day, after he had left the Senate and was absent from the State in California, they repealed it. He had by this time acquired a goodly number of enemies among a certain class of men, who realized that he would become a power in the State and that he was an inflexible man.

In the State Senate a tough old member who wished to brand him as a "purist" once blunderingly called him a "Puritan," but in reality he is both, for he comes of that Puritan stock which lost nothing of its strength by being transplanted from New England to the Western Reserve. James Garfield's father was a member of the Christian Church and his mother a Presbyterian, and he himself joined the Presbyterian Church early in life, although he often attends the Episcopal. He belongs naturally to a northern religion, and although he has been known to go to a Catholic church, there is no probability of his ever asking to be received into that fold. While the formative part of his life was most liberal in its mental surroundings, it was in its routine and conduct a strict and simple life regulated upon New England traditions, and these have clung to him and formed him. As for his being a purist, he belongs to the band of young reformers who have entered public life with the avowed purpose of fighting the old politicians and bringing in a new and higher order of things, based neither upon machines nor spoils.

After two terms of service in the State Senate, James Garfield was announced as a candidate for the nomination for Congress. Most of the people in his district wanted him, but there were certain men who were determined not to have him, and, seeing no other way to prevent his nomination, they cheerfully cheated him out of it. A few years afterwards Theodore Roosevelt sent for him and asked him to be a Civil Service Commissioner. The place is not a difficult one for an honest and strong man to fill, but it is one which tests a man's honesty and strength. A Commissioner's friends, not realizing the impropriety of their doing so, constantly appeal to him for assistance in obtaining Government positions. He can, if he chooses, tell them where there are vacancies, and might, if he were a scoundrel, indicate what lines a Civil Service examination will follow. It is astonishing how often honest people ask him to do this very thing. James Garfield's first experience in Federal office was thus in a place where he could not only learn a great deal about the executive machinery of the Government, but where he could see some of the most disagreeable features of place-hunting.

When he came to serve on the Commission, he was himself seen for the first time by that world in Washington which runs the Federal Government and has a great deal of power. It saw a young man, thirty six years old, six feet tall and straight as an arrow, with a broad chest and no superfluous flesh on his bones, with a wide face and a sweet mouth like his father's, and big eyebrows already growing bushy over his gray eyes. It found him with polished manners, on occasion courtly, on occasion genial, and on rare occasions cold. In intimate social life it was charmed by his frank boyishness. It found him in disposition an optimist, looking at the bright side of things, and always ready to make the best of situations even when they became disagreeable. It found that he said Yes or No with equal readiness and meant what he said; that he had, indeed, the poise of an older man, and did not have to unsay things.

Now, this Washington world knows what it is about, and those who constitute it look to their interests and gauge new men more or less accurately. They are all after something or other, and a man is of importance to them according to his power. They saw a coming man in James Garfield and lionized him accordingly. They saw, as a chief circumstance to justify the lionizing, that the head of the State had received him into such friendship and confidence as he has given to few others. No one was surprised when he was selected to be the first Commissioner of Corporations, although from the President's point of view there was no office under the Government of greater importance than this one. In a few years' time the question must be decided of how far the National Government will go in supervising the conduct of corporations engaged in business of National extent, and the question is a mighty one, with Socialism lurking at one end and organized robbery at the other. When Garfield entered upon his new office, no one knew what he would do. He might hale the trusts before him and shake their bones; and, if he did so, he would be applauded by a large crowd of onlookers. A man might even ride into a nomination for the Presidency by that road. Or he might stand for a comfortable and inactive conservatism, which would please men who know the way and have the means to make those who oblige them prosperous and happy. It soon became evident, however, that the Commissioner of Corporations was not studying to please either the crowd or the conservatives, but that he was following a policy of his own and keeping his counsel concerning it. When his first annual report appeared, it showed that he was in favor of effective Government supervision of big corporations and not opposed to the existence or formation of big corporations, and that he was preparing to present a plan for accomplishing his purpose. The report is an able and conclusive argument in favor of Government supervision—the best, in fact, that has thus far appeared—and it put the author's reputation upon solid ground. It is written with perfect fairness, and is a good example of close logical reasoning and scientific treatment of a subject which is usually treated from a sentimental standpoint. There is an entire absence of striving for popularity; and when the Commissioner began to investigate the trusts, there was the same indifference to attracting public notice. For example, when he made his report on the Beef Trust, the public was disappointed because he did not say to what amount it was being oppressed. The average householder was looking for a report which would give good reason for his being enraged at the price he was paying for his beefsteaks, and did not, of course, notice the opening page of the report, which warned him that it was only partial, and that, as another Department was investigating a certain phase of the subject, the Commissioner of Corporations could not discuss it. The packers took the report with elation; and afterwards, when they were on trial on a criminal charge, endeavored to show that the Commissioner had been guilty of bad faith towards them, else they would not have been tried at all.

When the friends of James Garfield read this shocking charge, there was not one among them who did not feel certain that it was false. The Attorney-General promptly said that the prosecutions he was conducting were not based upon information furnished by Garfield, and that disposed of the charge, so far as the public's opinion was concerned; but to those who know the Commissioner of Corporations, the Attorney-General's statement was unnecessary, for to them it was an impossible supposition that James Garfield could break faith with any man.

When the matured scheme for corporation supervision shall have been presented—a scheme which will offer a means of preventing the evils for which there are now occasional prosecutions after the evils have been committed—the public will know that the credit for the outcome belongs largely to James Garfield, and that there are few other men in public life who could do what he is doing towards the solution of the most difficult problem of the day.

AFTER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

After the darkness, dawning,
  And stir of the rested wing;
Fresh fragrance from the meadow,
  Fresh hope in everything!

After the winter, springtime
  And dreams, that, flower-like, throng;
After the tempest, silence;
  After the silence, song.

After the heat of anger,
  Love, that all life enwraps;
After the stress of battle,
  The trumpet sounding "taps."

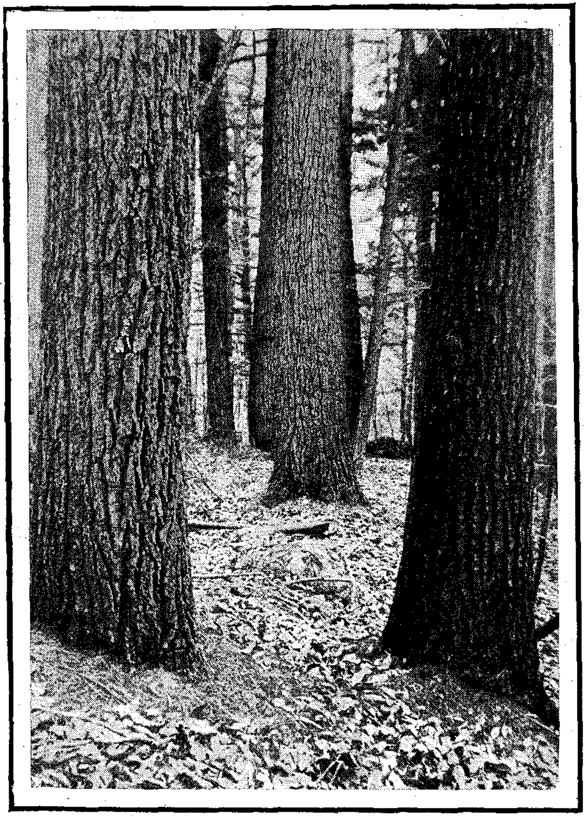
After regret and doubting,
  A faith without alloy,
God here and over yonder,—
  The end of all things—joy!

THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

BY PHILIP W. AYRES

Forester of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



THE LAST OF NEW ENGLAND'S WHITE PINE

BIG Tom Wilson was a famous guide in the high mountains of North Carolina. Looking for his house, forty miles from a railroad, I came upon him in his corn-field, unmistakably Big Tom, tall, gaunt, and deep-chested. His long, somber face, with keen eyes, lighted up eagerly to meet a stranger, for visitors were few in that distant valley. Immediately he agreed to go with me to the top of Mount Mitchell, the highest point in all the Appalachian Mountains. It was my good fortune to have to wait a day at his house before he could make the trip. This was a typical mountain home of the region. Its main feature was the wide, sunny "porch," as wide and long as the house itself. A spinning-wheel wound with fresh yarn stood near the door, and a home-made armchair and a long bench at one end were offset by some boxes of "setting" hens at the other. A couple of dogs lay lazily in the sun, and there was an assortment of articles hanging on pegs—firearms and fishing-poles, harness and farm tools. Back of the porch was the main room of the house, clean, with a wide fireplace, and several feather beds covered with blue counterpanes. The lamps were simple tallow dips, for it was "unconvenient"

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST AT THE BASE OF MOUNT JEFFERSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

This forest has now been removed leaving an expanse of devastation like that shown on the opposite page

to carry kerosene and chimneys in saddle-bags over the mountains. There were no books or papers of any kind, except a copy of the Bible, which Big Tom said he could read, " because the words are easier to spell out than in books and papers." Scattered through the valley in clearings above the home farm were the log houses and plain frame houses of the married sons and daughters of the family. Big Tom had the distinction of having the only two apple-trees in all the region. At the lower end of the valley the nearest neighbor's daughter, a barefooted girl of twenty, was hoeing cabbages in a garden. She had never been out of the valley, and, never before having heard of New York, allowed that it must be very " fur off."

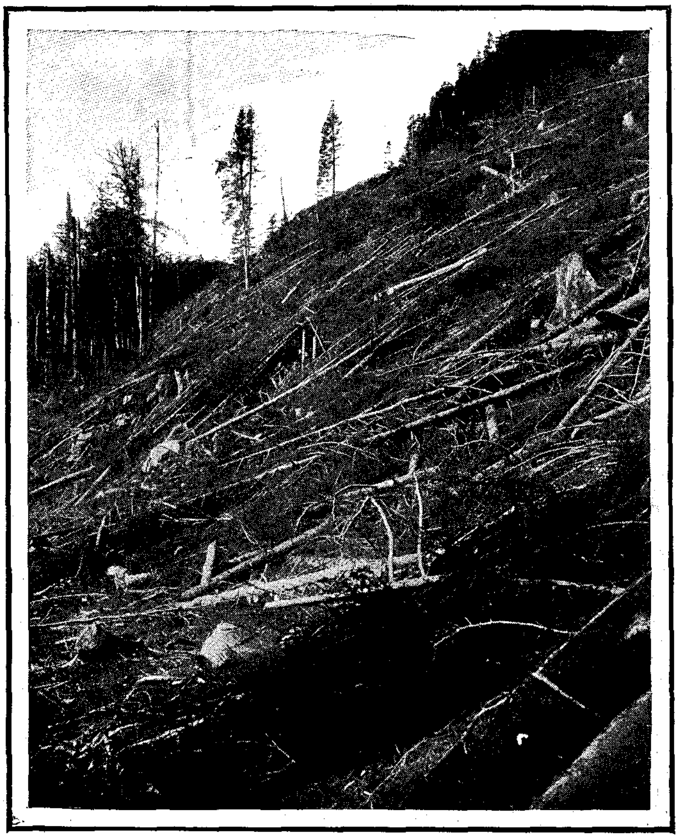
On a glorious summer morning we started up the mountain, carrying an ax and an old pistol that Big Tom always took into the woods, our blankets and provisions strapped to the back of a mule. By a roundabout way he took me to a " moonshine " whisky still whose whereabouts he knew—for there were rattlesnakes on the mountain. He was a temperate man, although he said that the way to take whisky for rattlesnakes is " to have it in ye, jest before ye're bit." We soon got beyond the timber that had heard the sound of an ax into the primeval woods.

We stepped up through ferns and rich moss, kept green by the great number of little streams that ran down the mountain. There was little undergrowth because of the dense shade above, save here and there large clumps of evergreen shade-loving laurel. The magnificent boles of the tulip poplar trees measured sometimes five feet in diameter, and the rings of one that had been felled for the honey of wild bees showed four hundred years of growth. There were many species of trees—white oak, red and black oak, hickory, beech, and the birches. On a gravelly ridge were groups of ancient chestnut-trees whose bark was plowed in deep ridges; and in a fertile cove higher up the hard maple and the familiar Pennsylvania maple, for in these mountains the Northern flora meets the Southern. On the lower slopes occur rich forms like rhododendron and the flowering dogwood; higher, the white pine and laurel of New England; and higher still the spruces and firs of northern Canada. Professor Gray is said to have found no region in this country richer botanically.

Not infrequently the way led through the edges of windfalls, the constant waste of an uncared-for forest, where between the fallen logs thickets of young trees were competing one another out of life, only a few of the sturdiest surviving to renew the old growth. In a primeval forest there is always nature's perfect balance of growth and decay.

After climbing for more than two hours through this hardwood forest, one realized not only its richness, but also its vast extent. Hundreds of thousands of acres stretched away through the mountains, unbroken except the clearings in the valleys—the last hardwood forest in the country as yet comparatively untouched by the lumbermen. As the slopes grew steeper the deep-rooted hardwoods gradually gave way to the shallow-rooted spruces that find sustenance in the thin soil of swamps and high mountain slopes. We came into the great black belt of spruces that Big Tom said spread out for thirty miles unbroken, crowning these mountain tops. From them the range takes its name—the Black Mountains—and Mount Mitchell is called the Great Black Dome. Going up through a tangle of low blueberry-bushes, we killed a rattlesnake that struck at the hind feet of the mule but fortunately missed them. The noise of a rattlesnake is strikingly like that of a baby's rattle, but never commonplace. Higher up, near the timber line, where the trees became scrubby from their struggle with the storms, fresh scratches of bears were seen on the bark of beech-trees. Still higher the trees became mere bushes, and the green cone of the mountain drew us on towards the summit.

At the top we looked out over the



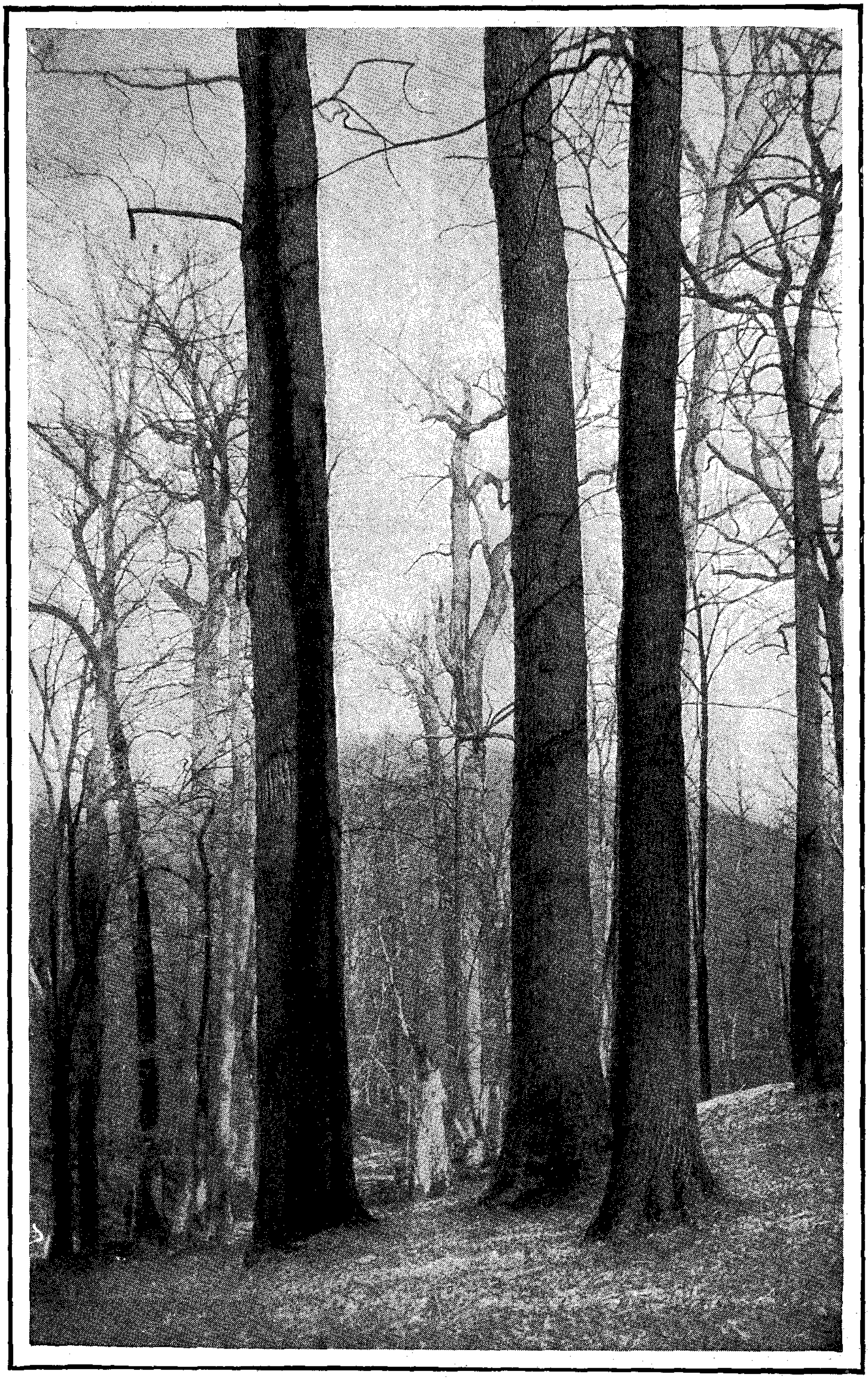
A TYPICAL SLASH
The primeval forest when the lumberman gets through with it

WESTERN WHITE PINE

Trees three hundred and thirty years old on the Priest River Forest Reserve, Idaho

BIG TREE TIMBER IN CALIFORNIA

Sold by the Government under the Timber and Stone Act to a lumber company at an average price of thirteen cents per thousand feet. *Its real value is about $10 per thousand*

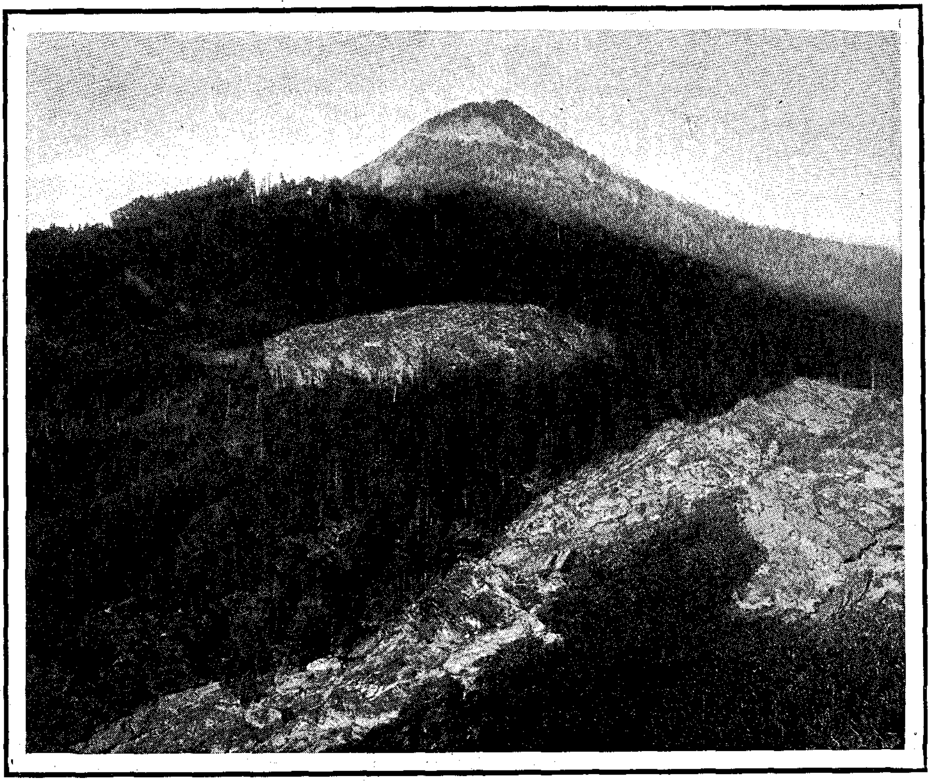


TULIP POPLARS IN NORTH CAROLINA

Trees four and five feet in diameter and one hundred and thirty feet tall wonderful succession of purple mountains stretching far into the dim evening light, or on the nearer red and green tops of Mount Clingman and the Seven Sisters, with the last rays of sunlight upon them—each, Tom said, as high as Mount Washington or higher, and he was right. The top of Mount Mitchell is the highest point between the Rocky Mountains, the Alps, and the Andes—nearly a mile and a half straight up above the level of the sea. We found there the grave of Professor Mitchell, with its metal headstone, placed by his students many years ago, blown over by the wind. A few paces below this grave is a shelving rock that forms a cave. Here we spread our blankets on the dry rocky floor, with a fire at our feet, made from dry limbs that we carried up a few hundred feet.

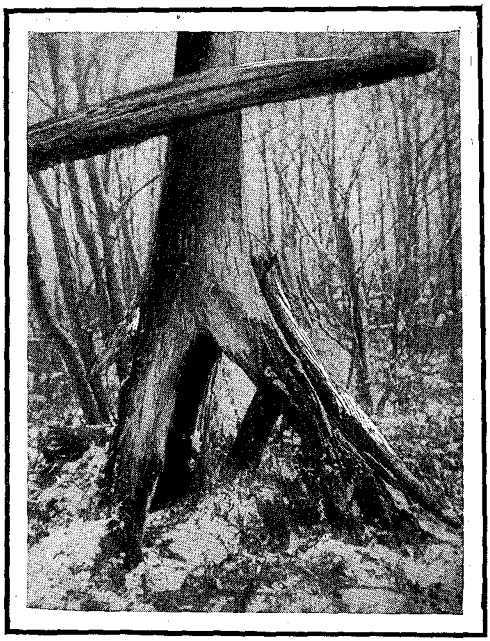
Sleep was difficult. In that rare atmosphere the stars twinkled with twice or thrice their usual brilliance. Presently the moon, half-rimmed, spread a halo over the neighboring peaks. Big Tom told the story of Professor Mitchell, teacher of chemistry at the University of North Carolina, whom he had found fifty-three years before, after eleven days' search. Mr. Mitchell had found and loved this mountain, and, having a difference with Mr. Clingman, a lawyer of Raleigh, as to which was the higher, Mount Clingman or the Black Dome, he came over the mountain on his way to Big Tom's house, and, crossing a log over a chasm, slipped. Later Tom helped the students carry up the body and the headstone and place them on the very top—there, above our heads. Big Tom told of his having been drafted against his will into the Confederate Army and taken "into Kaintuck, where there warn't no water fit to drink." He said he had "jest cried for these here springs in these here mountings," and finally deserted and came home.

Then we talked about the clearings made in the mountains and the washing



SPRUCE AND RHODODENDRON

Near the summit of Grandfather Mountain, North Carolina

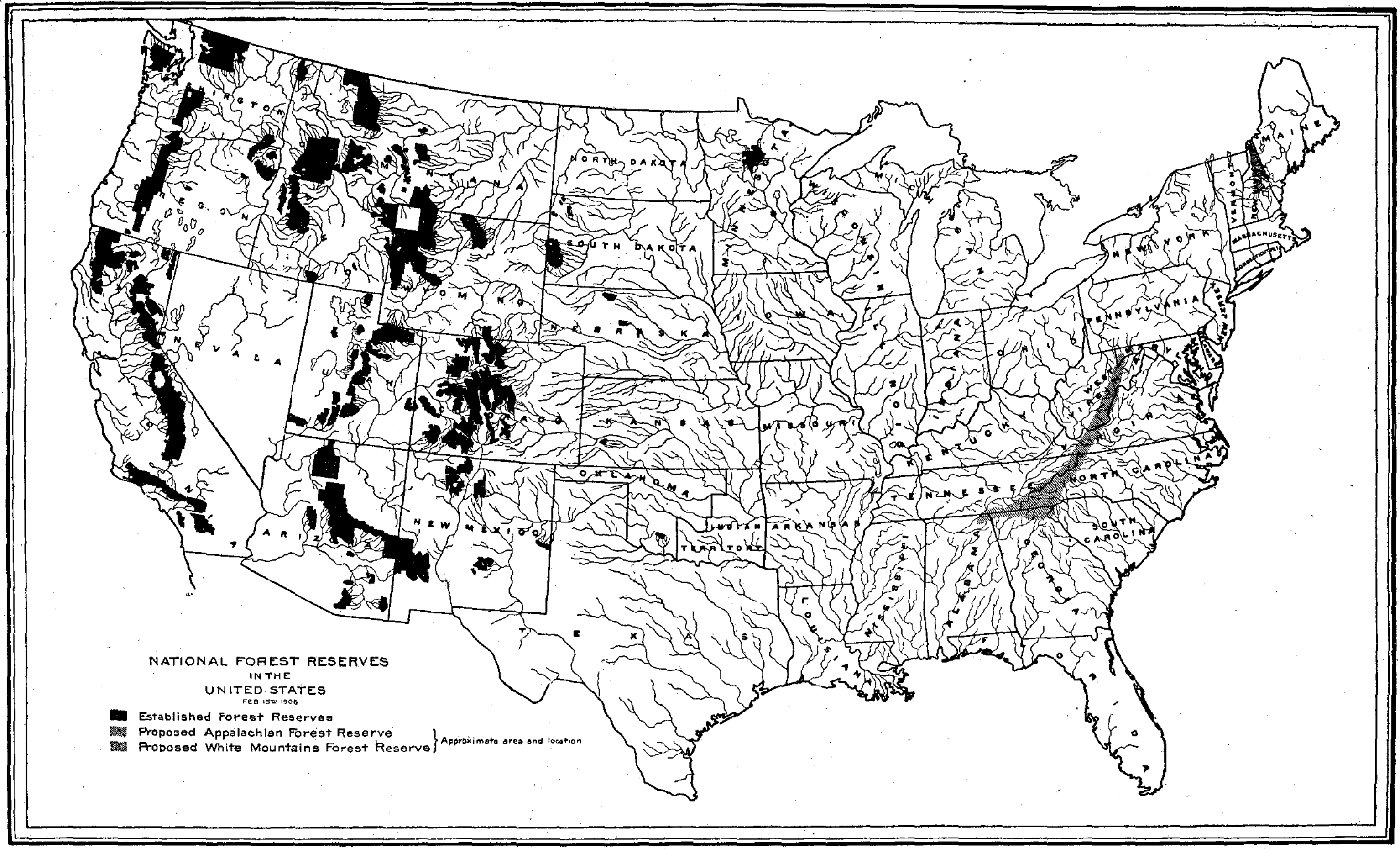


SPRUCE TREE TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD KILLED BY FIRE

The fire burned away two feet and eight inches of soil

away of the clay soils, so that a farm became useless in one generation; of the steady rains for days together, the swollen streams and piles of rock spread over the fields below. He told of a mill and farm-house in another valley that had been washed away, and of another farm covered with rocks and débris so that it could not be used. This, he said, was the result of clearing. I learned afterwards that the annual rainfall in this region is seventy-three inches, the greatest in the United States except on the northern Pacific coast; that the clay soil quickly dissolves and washes away, and that in one year some seventeen million dollars' worth of property had been destroyed by the rivers that flow from these and neighboring mountains in Georgia, Tennessee, and Virginia, through nine important Southern States to the sea. Through the Kanawha, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland Rivers, clearings in this mountain region affect the flood waters in the Ohio and Mississippi. I became convinced that these mountains, lying in parts of seven States, the Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, can be controlled by none of them, nor is any adequate coöperative action possible in seven separate legislative bodies. The need of saving the timber and protecting the flow of streams can be met only by the Federal Government, and that promptly; for in this last great hardwood forest the lumbermen are operating every year on a larger scale. With the gradual exhaustion of the forests in other parts of the country and the unprecedented rise in the price of timber, larger capital brings in new methods to overcome the steep mountains and swift, treacherous streams. The Federal Government alone has power to prevent the enormous expenditures that must come later in slowly reforesting these mountains if the present forests are once swept off.

The problems are the same in the White Mountain region, but further advanced. With the rapid growth of paper-making from spruce, thirty million dollars have been invested in mills and machinery in New Hampshire alone during the last fifteen years. Trees old and young, large and small, down to six inches in diameter, are used. On the high slopes where spruce grows unmixed with other species, and all of the trees are small, everything is cut, and those under six inches diameter (sometimes two-thirds of the standing forest) are left to rot upon the ground. This is the most wasteful and destructive method of lumbering that it is possible to imagine, practiced on the high slopes by all of the operating companies without exception. Fire follows almost invariably in the débris. As the soil on the mountains is largely vegetable mold, it also is consumed, so that the possibility of any forest growth of value is postponed from one to three centuries, and sometimes only the naked rocks remain. Eighty-four thousand acres in the White Mountain region were burned over in the single year 1903. About five thousand acres have been rendered completely and permanently barren. The great rivers of New England—the Androscoggin, the Saco, the Merrimack, and the Connecticut—rise in the White


NATIONAL FOREST RESERVES
IN THE
UNITED STATES
FEB 15th 1906
■ Established Forest Reserves
▨ Proposed Appalachian Forest Reserve
▨ Proposed White Mountains Forest Reserve
Approximate area and location
WASHINGTON
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
IDAHO
MONTANA
WYOMING
UTAH
COLORADO
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
OKLAHOMA
INDIAN TERRITORY
TEXAS
MINNESOTA
IOWA
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH CAROLINA
VIRGINIA
WEST VIRGINIA
MARYLAND
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
MASSACHUSETTS
CONNECTICUT
MAINE

ESTABLISHED AND PROPOSED NATIONAL FOREST RESERVES

Mountains and their immediate vicinity. They affect all of the New England States except Rhode Island, furnishing means of navigation, manufacturing power, and drinking-water to many cities.

But it is not the waterflow alone that makes these forests important. When the young timber as well as the old is cut off, the resources of the future are wasted. When the forest disappears, the mills and wood-working factories disappear. A large population goes elsewhere, villages dwindle, and farms are abandoned. The middle and southern parts of New England have already suffered the loss of literally hundreds of millions of dollars in the complete exhaustion of the primeval white pine forests that were lumbered in the past without reference to the present, and northern New England is plunging forward on the same track.

One of my first experiences on coming into the White Mountains was an examination of the Randolph forest on the north slope of the Presidential Range. From the valley the whole sweep of this magnificent forest appealed to the eye—twelve miles long and four miles wide, stretching up to the snow-clad peaks, the interlocking spruces enfolding the mountains in a rich dark mass, broken only by the sharp, conical tops of the balsam firs, and at the lower edge by the intermingling gray tops of the hardwoods. At the distant upper edges the forest appeared to be patches of moss near the bold, rocky summits.

One cloudy Sunday afternoon in mid-November, at the invitation of Professor Edmands, who has constructed paths of even grade from Randolph to the tops of each high mountain, Madison, Adams, Jefferson, and Washington, I went with him to see some of the recent clearings. Entering the forests by one of the paths, we found spruce-trees two hundred and fifty years old and ninety feet tall. Mingled with the reddish scales of their tall shafts were the lighter gray trunks of the firs, covered with bubbles of resin—"the blister tree" was the Indian name—and the deeper furrowed bark of ancient hemlocks. Maples and curly-barked yellow birches were prominent, the whole making a close-ranked phalanx, ever opening before us and closing in behind us, stretching silently upward, mysterious and full of life. Under foot the path was slippery with the brown new-fallen needles. Now and then we scurried through the dry leaves of the hardwoods. For an hour and a half we followed the path skirting the foot of Mount Adams. Here and there the forest varied, and we passed through a stand of beeches or a thick clump of firs. Whenever the wind had torn open the forest crown and felled the trees, thickets of hardwoods and young evergreens flourished in the unaccustomed light. Not one glimpse of the outside world came to us, so unbroken was the succession of tall stems.

We came at length upon the log camps, where fifty of the four hundred wood-choppers were sheltered. The cook was just taking from the "bean-hole" two smoking kettles, each holding a fragrant half-bushel that had been buried for a day and a half in the hot coals. The crew of French-Canadians were standing about, our presence offering the day's diversion.

We followed a lumber road for a little way in an effort to trace what had been the Israel Ridge path, but in vain. The path had been obliterated. For a mile and a half the search led through almost impenetrable tree-tops and débris, ending at length at the Cascade Brook, near the foot of the castellated ridge of Mount Jefferson. In this narrow ravine, where the sun shines but a few hours in the day, the trees were moss-covered and standing close. We mounted through them by a steep, rugged path, passing two of the seven waterfalls in this stream, climbing over rocks and many fallen tree-trunks. Nature fells trees also, but by the selective method, usually removing the mature and defective trees, keeping intact the productive power of the forest and the protective forest cover. Had we the wisdom to follow Nature's way, we should cease to slash young trees and old, thereby preventing any useful return from the forest for generations.

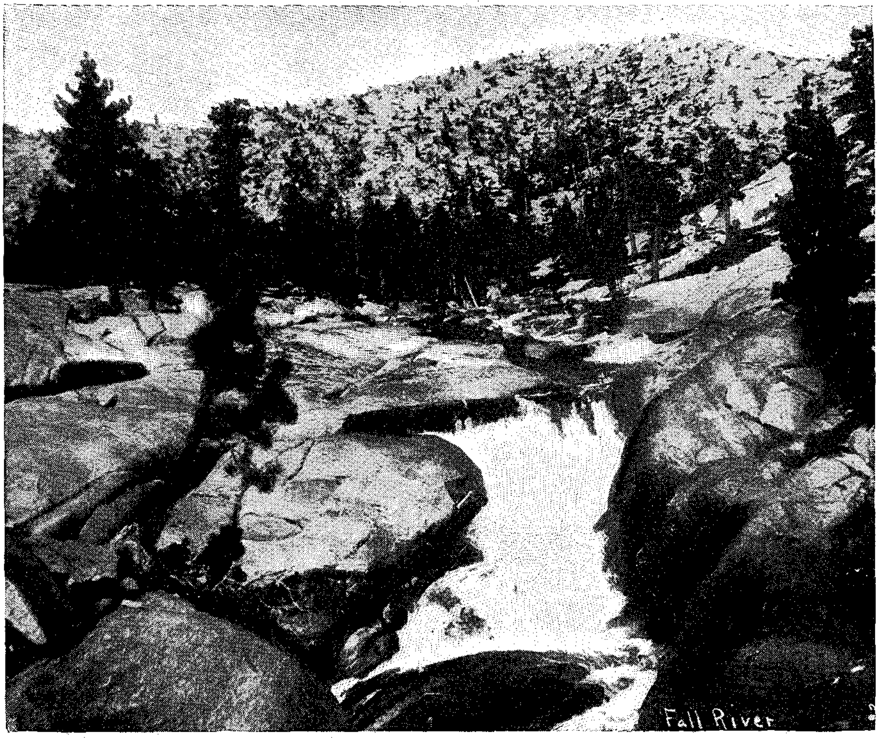
After a sharp climb of nearly two thousand feet, we came upon the Lookout, a birch-bark camp built around an out-of-doors fireplace in the side of the

FALLS ON THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE, WHITE MOUNTAINS
If the forest were removed, this would become alternately a torrent and dry, bare rocks

mountain. We found ourselves immediately under the edge of the clouds. Far out we saw the wide valley of the Ammonoosuc, dotted with houses and villages, surrounded by mountains, the steam of a distant train threading in and out among the settlements.

Pushing upward into the cloud, the character of the forest changed. Save the occasional white stem of a canoe birch dripping in the mist, there were only spruces and firs, as old as the trees below but much smaller, for on the high slopes there is but a brief growing season in the short, cold summer. A sharp climb of another thousand feet brought us beyond the line of commercial growth. Here the trees, most of them below six inches diameter, were ragged warriors that had fought the storms. Presently, at four thousand five hundred feet above the sea, the tree-stems, though as old as the giants at the base of the mountains, were no larger nor taller than a walking-stick, and massed so closely together that one can sit or lie down upon the top of this miniature forest without sinking to the ground.

A little higher the mist was freezing on the scrubby firs, and soon a pink glow gave promise of sunlight above. We hastened, and emerged at length above the clouds. The whole world was a mass of rolling white mist, save in the direction of the sun that made a wide path of gold. The rocky peaks of Jefferson and Madison rose on either side, with the steel-blue outline of Washington rising a thousand feet above. We climbed a path that led over the crest of Adams, to find shelter, if need be, in the stone hut of the Appalachian Mountain Club. The sun went down. Mount Washington deepened into sharper outline against the sky. The white clouds turned gray. Half a mile above us little fleecy cirrus clouds, like those of summer, floated in the sunlight. With much difficulty we made our way in the growing darkness over the frost-covered rocks, finding the low cairns that marked the way only by calling from one to the other.



A SPARSE FOREST GROWTH IN CALIFORNIA
Such growth is good for protecting waterflow, but not for timber supply

Once over the crest we sat down to await the rising of the moon. It rose slowly, almost full, directly behind the conical peak of Mount Madison. Before us lay the Knife Edge—a high, narrow ridge of land dividing two deep ravines. We determined to follow a rocky trail along the top of it, leading to a well-made path down the mountain. On the trail the little brook, far below, was sometimes heard. It flows through the Israel River and the Ammonoosuc into the Connecticut, turning many mill-wheels in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, and from Hartford bearing the steamers onward to Long Island Sound. The stream that was on the other side of us flows into the Peabody River and the Androscoggin, through the factory towns of Maine.

At the end of the long promontory we plunged down into the cloud and the gloom of the forest. Down in the darkness the tree-trunks disappeared from sight, and toward the base of the mountain so dense were the cloud and the thick overhanging boughs of the evergreens that not one ray of light guided us ; but we were able to make our way in the even path by feeling with our feet, reaching the settlement five hours after dark in the valley. The entire region of four square miles, where that path lay, is now an impenetrable mass of débris, having become a part of the clearing.

The unprecedented rise in the price of timber during the past few years, from twenty to one hundred per cent. according to species, is accounted for by the fact that, while the population of the country has increased three times, the total amount of timber consumed annually has increased ten times. We are using up the source of most of our houses, most of our paper, much of our fuel, and all of our furniture and wooden tools at a far more rapid rate than it grows. Conservative students of the problem admit that the end is in sight. Already fearful inroads have been made upon the hitherto primeval forests of the far West, which are truly magnificent in extent, but yield quickly to modern methods of attack. By the terms of the iniquitous Timber and Stone Act the Government is obliged to sell at the uniform price of two dollars and fifty cents per acre, though the value is often one hundred dollars per acre or more. Year after year an effort has been made to repeal this law, but so far a powerful lobby at Washington, backed by Western lumber companies, has prevented. A bill to repeal it is pending as I write, and should pass immediately in order that the remainder of the Nation's great heritage may be saved to the Nation and not given away. Much of the most valuable timber has been acquired already by large corporations.

On the other hand, a large portion of the Western land, like that in the State of Nevada, has a sparse growth, more suitable for the protection of rivers and their use in irrigation than for a permanent source of timber supply. Such forests and those of the high slopes of mountains should be cut only in the most conservative manner possible—and in private hands they never receive this treatment.

Under the wise policy followed by four Presidents, and fully approved by the country, large tracts of forest land in the West owned by the Federal Government have been set aside as forest reserves. These now include over one hundred million acres—a territory larger than New England. All of these reserves are west of the Mississippi River.

There should be reservations in the East, where the population is dense, where the sawmills and wood-working factories already established need material, and where the rivers, if not protected at their head-waters, will less effectively serve the tremendous interests dependent upon them. Particularly, reservations should be established, by Federal purchase, in the Southern Appalachian Mountains and in the White Mountains.

THE GOOD EARTH

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

The smell of burning weeds
Upon the twilight air;
The poignant call of frogs
From meadows wet and bare;

A presence in the wood
And in my blood a stir,
In all the ardent earth
No failure or demur.

O Spring wind, sweet with love
And tender with desire,
Pour into veins of mine
Your pure impassioned fire!

O waters, running free
With full, exultant song,
Give me, for outworn dream,
Life that is clean and strong!

O good earth, warm with youth,
My childhood heart renew;
Make me elate, sincere,
Simple and glad, as you!

O springing things of green,
O winging things of bloom,
O winging things of air,
Your lordship now resume!

A COUNTRY THAT HAS USED UP ITS TREES

BY ELIOT BLACKWELDER

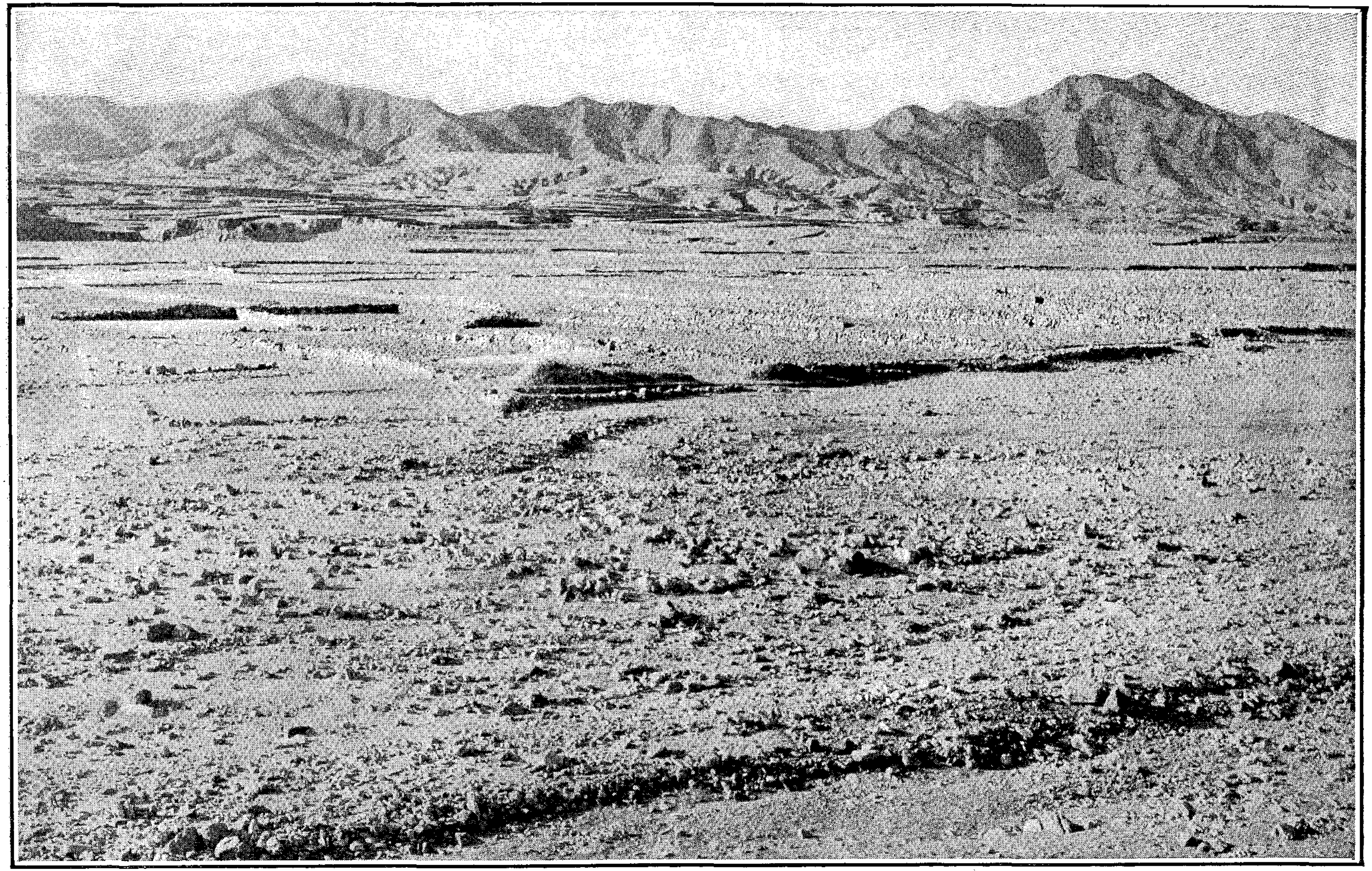
IN one of his recent letters in The Outlook Mr. Kennan has described the desolate appearance of the coast of southern Manchuria—hills upon which neither tree nor shrub has been left, and where even the grass is all but destroyed each autumn. Other travelers have shown us that this condition is prevalent over a large part of eastern and northern China, and that it extends in varying degree over most of the Empire. In the western provinces, however, forests of considerable size may still be found in the recesses of the higher mountains. China, therefore, stands out pre-eminently as the land in which the process of forest destruction may be seen in all its stages, and where its natural effects may be observed. Here in the United States our forests are rapidly disappearing before the joint attacks of fires and the lumberman's ax. To Americans who realize this, and who have a desire to know what results are to be expected from a continuation of the process, China's experience will be interesting and significant.

The explanation of the dearth of forests in eastern China is to be sought in the mountainous region in the western part of the Empire. While crossing the broad Tsinling Range in the province of Shensi, we found remnants of once large forests of pine and spruce high up in the remoter gulches near the main divide. After months spent in crossing bare mountains and plains, it was a pleasure to walk once more on a carpet of pine-needles and hear the sound of the wind in the boughs. One thing became plain to us at that time—there is no inherent reason, except the human reason, why forests should not grow in northern China. Even in this remote region we were passed each day by lines of coolies, headed for the populous plains below, each carrying on his back a load of heavy boards. It may be well to explain that the mountain trails are too narrow and rough for carts or even for pack-animals. Most of the lumber is used in making coffins, and for this purpose it commands an enormous price; in the cities of the Weiho plain a single board retails at two or three dollars. It is not surprising that the constant drain upon the forests through all the centuries during which a dense population has inhabited that fertile plain has left only small remnants in these remote valleys. We can only wonder that all have not been destroyed. It is safe to say that with modern machinery and easy transportation an American or European company would in a few years cut off all of the trees that now remain in this district.

The destruction of the trees is, however, only the first step in the process of total deforestation which was accomplished long ago in many parts of China, on a greater scale than in any other country. In our own land the forest is deemed of little value after all of the marketable trees have been cut off. The lumberman discards it and moves on to fresh fields of operation. Not so in China. When the trees are gone, they still have the saplings, shrubs, and lesser herbage; and no one knows better how to utilize every bit of the material than does the Chinese mountaineer. Poles for the support of roofs and for various other constructional purposes are made out of the larger shrubs, and the remainder is either sold for fuel directly, or is reduced to charcoal in the mountains and is thence carried down to the market towns, where it commands a good price. This reduction to charcoal has the great advantage of condensing values into small weight and space—a consideration of the greatest importance in

---

[1] The illustrations in this article are from photographs by Mr. Bailey Willis, and used through the courtesy of the Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C.



DEFORESTATION LONG COMPLETED

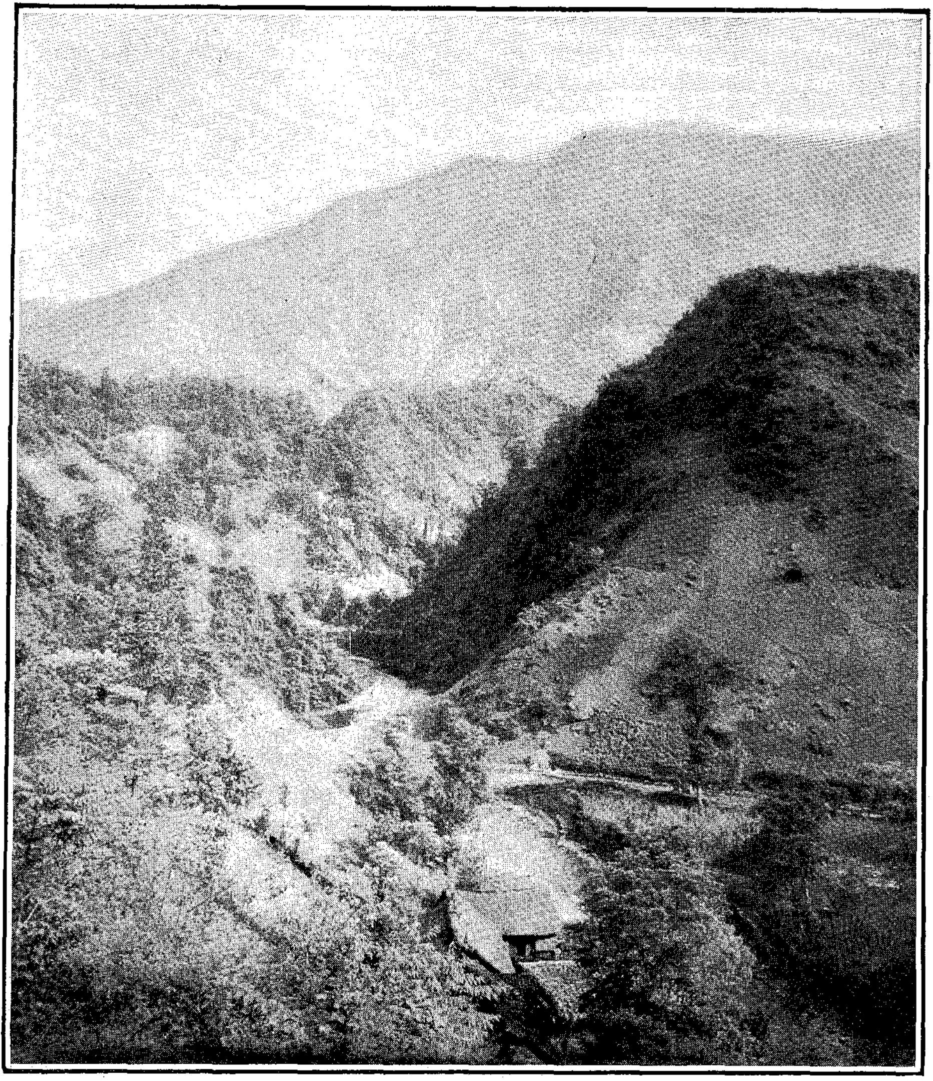
The mountains are bare and rocky; their lower slopes have been terraced to prevent further removal of soil. In the foreground lies a stream bed along which sheets of gravel are swept in time of floods The adjacent fields are partially protected from this desolating waste by low walls a region where all of the transportation is done by coolies, and where the original value of the product is duplicated about every five miles by the traffic charge. In the course of time the mountain slopes are thus divested not only of their trees, but also of the remaining undergrowth. For the forest there is substituted a grassy slope upon which thorny bushes are the only perennial herbage.

In a rugged region like the Tsinling mountains the difficulties in the way of complete deforestation are, however, too great to be overcome. To see the later stages of the process at their worst we must go to the lower mountains of northeastern China, especially those adjacent to the great plains upon which are crowded so many millions of the Chinese race. In other countries one's natural expectation to see the mountains more or less covered with forests is fulfilled; but as China is proverbially the antithesis of Western lands in many respects, so it is in this. In these eastern provinces one may travel hundreds of miles without seeing even a small grove of trees upon the hillsides; and I have never seen in that region anything deserving the name of a forest. Yet it must not be understood from this that the entire landscape is devoid of trees, for I am speaking only of the natural forest growths. Around their homes and villages the Chinese plant poplars and fruit-trees. Graveyards and temple courts contain twisted cedars which not infrequently are centuries old; but these trees are preserved through the force of public opinion, and he would be a bold man indeed who would dare cut a cedar from even a remote and untended graveyard. The poplars belong to individual villagers, and are therefore protected as private property immediately under the eye of the owner. In hundreds of Chinese communities these poplars are the principal source of the timber which is used by the peasants; but the supply is so small that it hardly suffices for the barest necessities. Aside from such village groves the forest verdure, both great and small, has almost utterly disappeared. The process by which they were destroyed was completed at a time historically so remote that in some localities we found no traditions of its occurrence preserved among the inhabitants, while in other regions we were told that the trees had been cut off centuries ago.

Shantung is one of the provinces in which deforestation is practically complete, and here we see a sequel which is particularly interesting because it shows the length to which the thoughtless war on all vegetation can be carried in the absence of governmental regulation or of popular foresight and co-operation. I refer to the annual forage after grass which takes place each autumn and winter. At this season all the boys of the village who are big enough to walk and carry a basket are sent out over the neighboring hillsides to collect grass, twigs, and, in short, any kind of herbage that can be used as fodder for the village cattle or as fuel. Each boy carries a basket and an iron grubbing-hook fastened to a short wooden handle. Thus equipped, he clambers up the slopes, working away at his task with cheerful energy. The stronger boys reach even the highest summits, and so through the industry of this army of human locusts the mountains are almost denuded of the dry annual herbage.

These foragers do not quite complete the devastation; they are usually followed by shepherds, whose flocks of sheep and goats search each ledge and crevice and crop the remaining grass down to its very roots. Any one who has crossed the path of a band of sheep in our own Western mountains knows that the final result of their depredations is a surface almost as barren as if it had been swept by fire.

Some of the effects of this complex process of deforestation will be apparent to the reader at first glance. As timber becomes scarce, prices rise and the use of it must be correspondingly curtailed. Houses can no longer be built of wood, but as a substitute bricks and mud are necessarily adopted by the common people. The prices of the better grades of lumber for all purposes become almost prohibitive, so that in making carts, furniture, implements, and, in short, almost everything in his trade, the village carpenter must be content with the softer



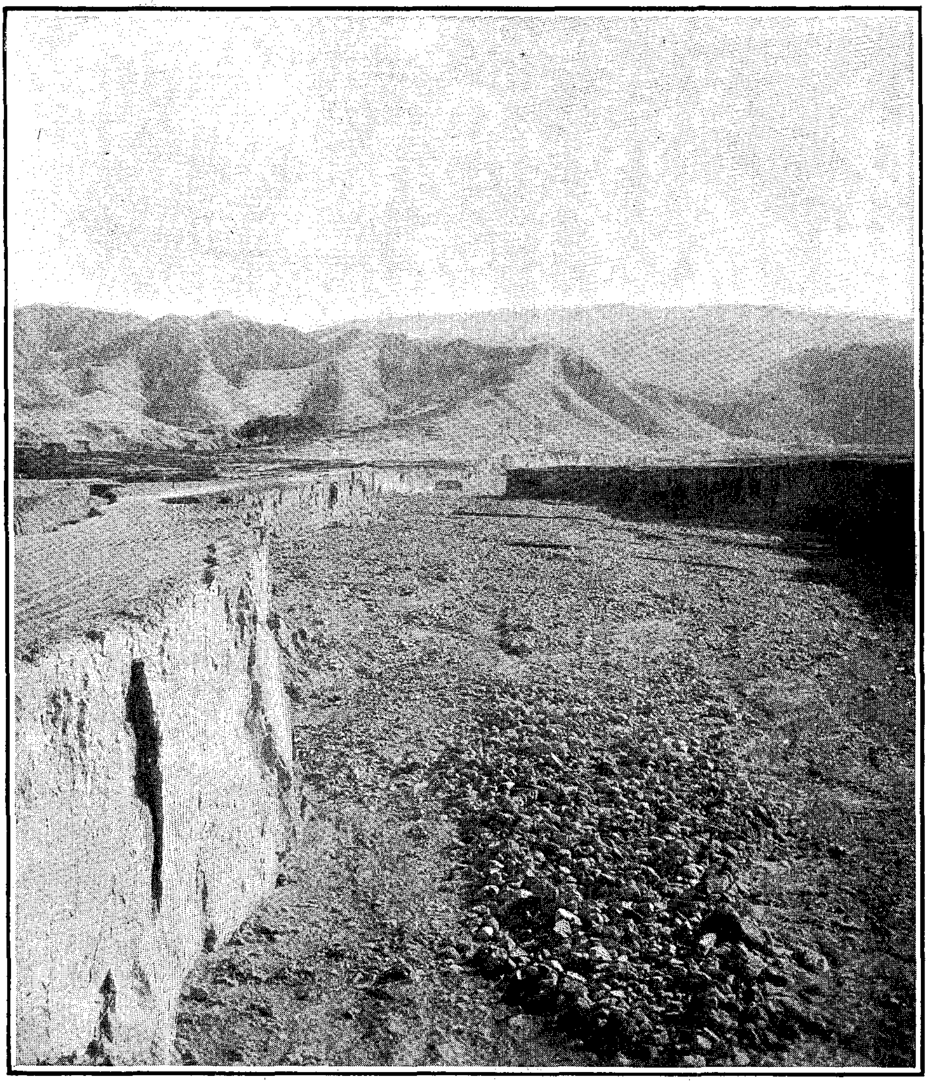
MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHERN SHENSI

An example of partial deforestation. Slopes partly denuded of trees and shrubs, but still covered with a thick soil

and cheaper woods, such as those of the poplar and willow. With the passing of the forests comes the extermination also of the useful herbs and game which in other countries enhance the value of the timbered regions.

But, important as these considerations may seem, they sink into insignificance beside the indirect and less obvious results which have followed the deforestation of northern China. These results may be grouped together as those which relate to the water supply of the country and those which affect the soils.

In any country most of the water which falls upon the land is disposed of in three ways, viz., by evaporation from the surface, by running off into the streams, or by percolating into the earth. The ratio between these portions is a matter of great moment to any community, and especially to one which depends for its support largely upon agriculture. In the ordinary climates of the temperate zone evaporation (including transpiration through plants) is a matter of secondary consequence, and in this brief sketch we may neglect it. It must be noted, how-



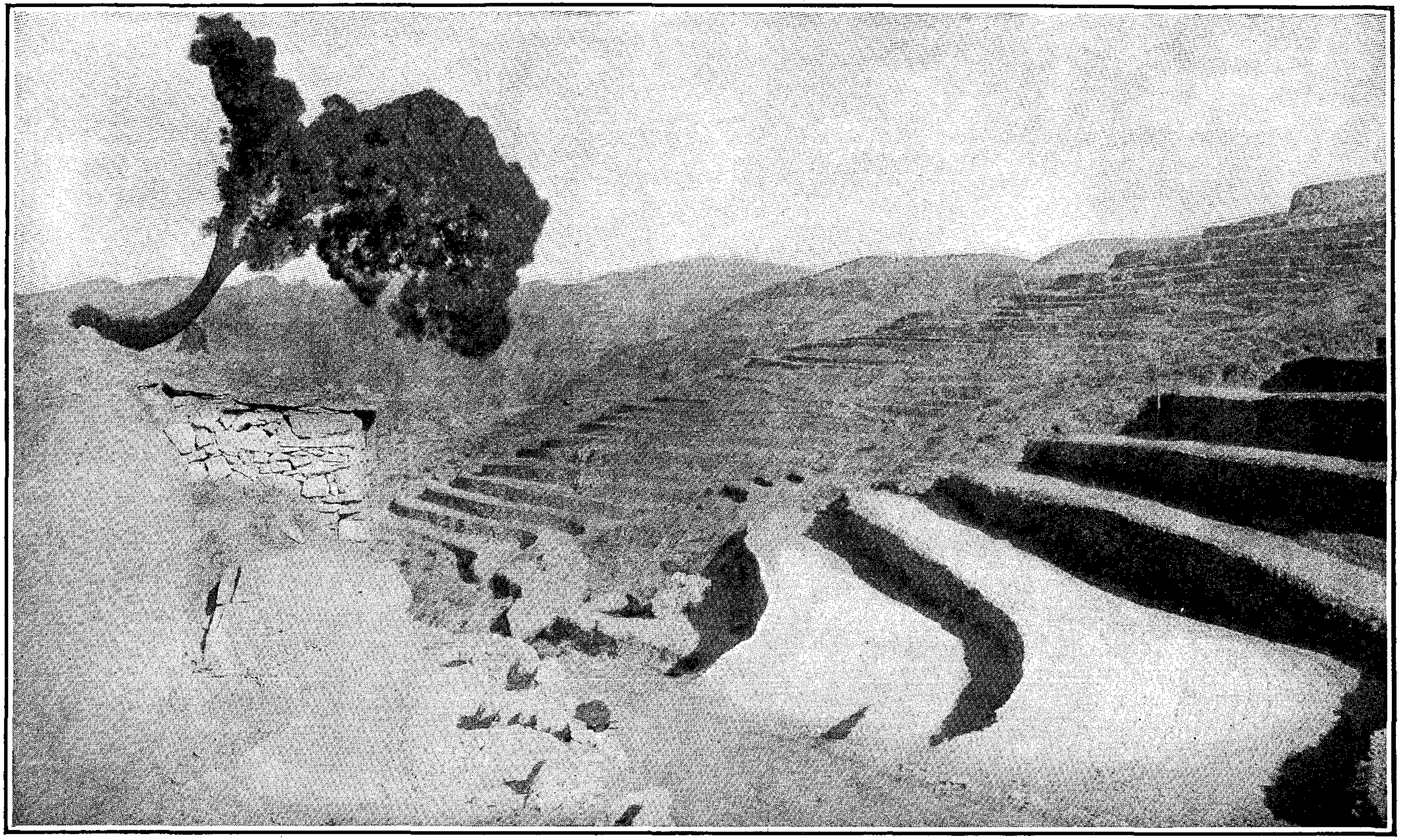
A STREAM BED IN THE DEFORESTED REGION

Entirely dry except in time of rain. The breadth of the channel has been determined by occasional violent floods, descending from the mountains in the distance

ever, that the run-off and the percolation are vital.

In the mountains of western China, where the destruction of the forests is still in its earlier stages, the rains are caught by the spongy mass of grass, mosses, and leaf-mold which forms the thick carpet of every woodland. The stems and roots hinder the flow of water which gathers upon the surface in time of rain and allow the greater part of it to sink into the earth. This water saturates the soil and the underlying rocks, and moves slowly but surely toward some exit at a lower level, meanwhile keeping the ground moist even within a few inches of the surface. The advantage of this to all forms of plant life is obvious. Furthermore, springs are numerous in such a region, and since the upper limit of this body of subterranean water is relatively near the surface, plenty of water may be obtained from shallow wells. In such a region there are many streams which flow steadily throughout the year.

Among the devastated hills of eastern China conditions are very different.



TERRACED FIELDS IN SHENSI

The lone tree on the left guards a wayside shrine, and is therefore not molested. All other vegetation has been cut off

There are neither trees, shrubs, nor even thick grass to restrain the water which falls in time of rain. The water descends upon a comparatively bare surface, and as it runs quickly off over the slopes only a small proportion of it sinks into crevices or porous places in the soil, while a much greater part becomes concentrated in the numerous gullies and rushes down to the valleys below. The inevitable result is a flood, corresponding in its severity to the magnitude of the storm. It may tear out the flimsy bridges which the Chinese build, spoil the low-lying fields, and even devastate towns and villages. Within a few hours after the flood has passed the main stream dwindles to its normal size again, or perhaps disappears entirely, but the damage has been done and is sure to be repeated. The water which percolated into the soil is insufficient to maintain the level of underground water near the surface; it has in fact sunk so low that springs are rare and the smaller valleys are merely dry arroyos except in time of rain. On account of this lowering of the underground water level there is not sufficient moisture in the soil to supply any plants except those which are adapted to dry conditions. Where possible, the farmers resort to irrigation, obtaining the water from wells and canals largely by means of rude pumps; but much of the land is not suitably located for such treatment, and a large area of the uplands must therefore be planted with crops such as wheat and millet, which require but little water. By thus disturbing the natural ratio between the water which runs off into the streams and that which sinks into the ground, the Chinese have unwittingly brought on two great misfortunes, viz., frequent disastrous floods and a reduction of the available water supply.

The second group of results—those relating to the changes in the soil itself and in its distribution—bring with them evils no less important. Soil which is covered with vegetation is held securely in place by the interlacing roots, and is protected from the beating rain by the leaves and branches overhead. Even in the severest storms the water which runs off over the surface is so retarded by the matted growth of plants that its power to wear away the soil thus bound down is reduced to a minimum. On this account the downward movement of the soil on forest-clad slopes, even if the latter are steep, is exceedingly slow—probably not more rapid than the renewal of the soil by the decay of the underlying rock. Where this protective covering has been removed, however, as in the mountains of eastern China, the wash of the soil from all sloping surfaces is relatively rapid. Ramifying systems of gullies develop at the edges of the slopes, and each succeeding shower causes them to eat their way, as it were, back into the loose material; their advance is so speedy that it can be readily observed even in the brief space of a human lifetime. Each rain washes down from the higher points the dust and sand which have been loosened by the plants, frost, and other agencies, so that as time goes on less and less soil remains on the slopes, while more and more is spread out upon the flats which border the streams. An enormous quantity is annually carried out to sea as mud by the Yellow River and its equally turbid neighbors. Recognizing this tendency of the soil to wash down into the valleys, the natives have developed ingenious systems of terraces to check the process and take advantage of it so far as it has benefits. A low stone wall is first built parallel to the base of the slope, and all the available soil is scraped down into the reservoir thus formed; the thin earth, for a distance of some yards up the hillside, is then thoroughly loosened with a stout hoe, so that the next few rains may wash it down, and deposit it just above the stone wall. By this means a narrow, flat field or terrace is soon formed. Other walls are then placed in succession above the first, and the same process is repeated in each case. This device of terracing the slopes has two advantages. It not only retards the wash of the soil, but, more important still from the Chinese point of view, it renders a much larger area of the hillsides available for cultivation. And yet the practice is applicable only to the lower and gentler slopes. The summits and steep sides of the mountains are soon divested of the soil which formerly supported their forests, and now they remain bare and rocky. In such a country the reforestation of the mountain heights would be a very difficult undertaking, and would require scores of years. A new soil would have to be formed by the slow processes of decay before any considerable growth of trees could be expected.

As the rain descends over unprotected slopes it not only carries off the soil and produces floods, but it has a permanently deleterious effect upon the broad flats which form the floors of the valleys. In most countries the so-called "river bottoms" are among the richest agricultural lands. This is true also in China, but the statement can be applied only to the lower reaches of the rivers which meander sluggishly through broad plains. Among the hills the valleys which were once fertile have been partially ruined since the forests were destroyed. A stream which is capable, at its normal stage, of handling nothing coarser than mud and silt, may in flood-time sweep along sheets of sand, gravel, and often small boulders. As the river rises and overflows its banks, this rough material is strewn over the adjacent bottom-lands and renders them worthless for farming purposes; from that time on they remain a barren, gravelly waste. Damage of this kind is of course practically irreparable.

Every one who goes to China, or who reads much about it, is early impressed with the severity of the dust storms which are so annoying in winter throughout the northern provinces. Some of the foreign residents have a theory that such storms descend upon them from the deserts of Mongolia; but as a matter of fact it is not necessary to go outside one's immediate vicinity to find ample explanation for them. Every strong wind stirs up the dust and soon fills the air with an impalpable brown powder which makes its way through all cracks and crevices, into eyes and throats, and dims the sunlight on a cloudless day. So fine are the particles that they remain suspended in the air for hours, so that it often requires a day or two for the dust to settle out of the atmosphere and leave it fit to breathe again. This is only another of the effects of destroying all herbage, both perennial and annual. In our own country the grass holds down the dry soil, and the trees tend to act as sieves to remove the suspended particles from each passing wind. We, therefore, have little to complain of from dust except along highways and in our cities. But in China the mountain slopes are bare and after the harvest is gathered the fields are completely denuded. The entire land surface then becomes a source of dust. With these facts in mind, the explanation of the dust storm is not far to seek. Could the trees be restored to the hillsides, the grass to the plains, and the stubble to the fields, the phenomenon would largely disappear.

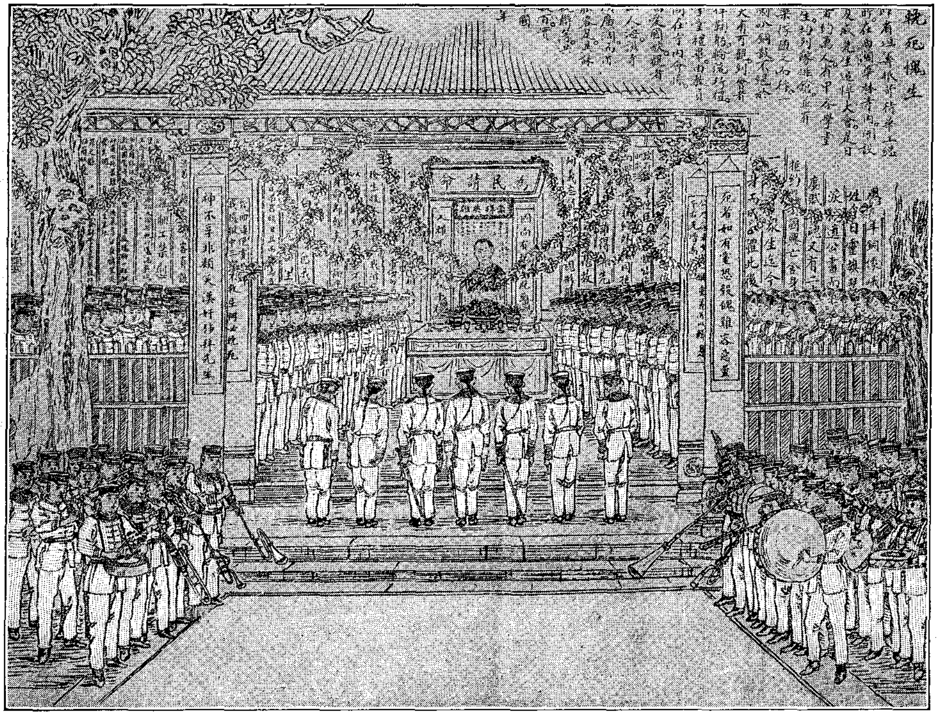
There is nothing peculiar or exceptional in China's experience, except that the process has gone further there than in most countries. It will be repeated in any land where adequate precautions are not taken to preserve the forests. In America we still have extensive forests, and by judicious use we may save them and even increase the area which they cover. In a recent issue of the "National Geographic Magazine" Mr. Gifford Pinchot points out that in colonial and pioneer days the forest was a foe and an obstacle to the settler. It had to be cleared away to make room for fields and villages, and it harbored hostile Indians and wild beasts with which the early American had to contend. That condition has now largely passed away, but as a nation we have not yet come to have a proper respect for the forest and to regard it as an indispensable part of our resources—one which is easily destroyed but difficult to replace; one which confers great benefits while it endures, but whose disappearance is accompanied by a train of evil consequences not readily foreseen and positively irreparable.

A FOOLS' PARADISE

BY ARTHUR H. SMITH

Author of "Chinese Characteristics," "Village Life in China," "China in Convulsion," etc.

IT is a mere commonplace that since the universal adoption of steam and electricity commerce is king. There is no nation, no people, which does not own his sway. Philanthropists are not without hope that, despite all apparent facts to the contrary, the time is not remote when war, as we now know it, will be, if not impossible, at least rare and exceptional. But just in proportion as this millennium of peace dawns upon us, we may expect that commercial war, the struggle to supply the world's demands, will become keener, more relentless, and more general until it is universal. In this competition the United States of America holds a strong position. We have the larger part of a continent to ourselves, almost unvexed by the presence of troublesome neighbors; we are not obliged to keep a large standing army; we do not fear invasion; and with a strong navy we may possess our souls in peace and tranquillity. Our territories stretch from ocean to ocean. We have every variety of soil, climate, and production; as has often been pointed out, we have long since established an uncontested agricultural supremacy. "With five per cent. of the world's population we produce thirty-two per cent. of the world's food supply." We furnish three-fourths of the world's cotton. We provide more mineral oil than any other land. We are the largest producers of iron and steel in the world. We have a population which is gifted with a restless productive activity elsewhere unequaled. "Mulhall estimates the energy of the United States at 129,360,000,000 foot-tons a day—nearly as much as that of Britain, Germany, and France combined"—and he says: "If we take a survey of mankind in ancient and modern times as regards the physical, mechanical, and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States." Professor von Schierbrand, from whose informing work entitled "America, Asia, and the Pacific" some of the foregoing remarks are quoted, enumerates as the foundations on which American manufacturing supremacy rests, the following particulars: (1) An abundance of cheap coal of good quality. (2) Cheap and abundant iron of good quality. (3) Low labor cost, so that in spite of an average weekly wage of $15 for an American operator as against $4 for the German, the American employer is still ahead because, on account of better climate, surroundings, diet, and quicker brain execution, the American output is much larger. (4) American machinery is better. (5) American ingenuity and inventiveness are unequaled. "The best available statistics show that the productive energy of each inhabitant of the United States is 1,940 foot-tons daily, while in Europe it is only 990 foot-tons. This means that 75,000,000 Americans are achieving as much in useful labor as 150,000,000 Europeans. In some branches of labor the difference is even greater. The American farm laborer produces four times as much foodstuff as does the average European farm laborer." (6) A practically inexhaustible supply of cheap raw material. (7) Easy access to markets. We are between Europe and Africa on the east, and Asia and Australia on the west. Of these advantages it is pointed out that all but the fourth are permanent and unalienable. Add to these the wonderful expansion which is as certain to follow the opening of the Panama Canal as night to succeed day. This waterway will effect a saving for ships passing through it from five thousand to eight thousand miles. London will be brought nearer to San Francisco by more than seven thousand miles. The shortening of distance between New York, our great eastern port, and San Francisco, our greatest western port, will be more than ten thousand miles. The Mississippi Valley—the most important valley in the world—will have a new outlet. Existing commerce will be greatly expanded; new commerce will be created; the Hawaiian Islands will then become in fact what a few have always perceived them potentially to be, at once the key and the cross-roads of the Pacific. By the multiplication of the means of communication America is now brought near to every other country.



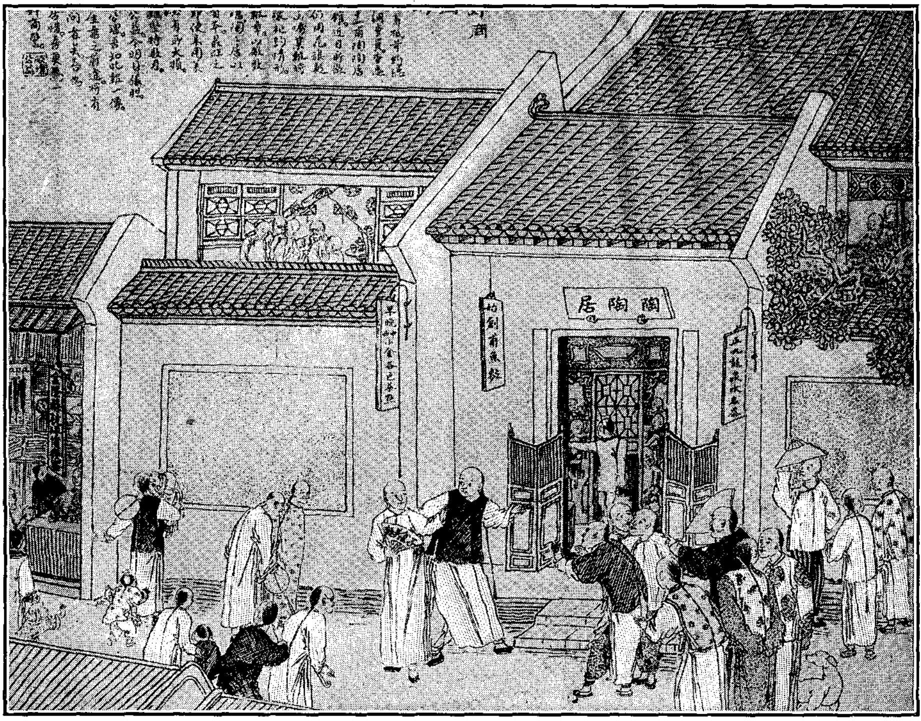
WORSHIPING THE SPIRIT OF THE ORIGINATOR OF THE BOYCOTT

This young man was unknown a year ago. His suicide was intended to embroil America and China. Students worship his *manes*, with girl students near by (a new feature in Chinese life) abetting. He bids fair to evolve into a god of Patriotism. This illustration and the others on following pages are from cartoons published in Chinese papers.

> "The world is all our neighbor;
> The stars are foreign lands."

The Far East, which but lately was ten thousand miles distant, is now close at hand. If we include under that term the Indian, the Chinese, and the Japanese Empires, we have practically one-half the population of the globe who are in process of transition and even transformation to a degree very little apprehended by Americans. It has often been pointed out that the commerce of the Orient is a prize for which from its earliest history the world has contended. For convenience we may refer to an address by the Hon. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, to the National Geographic Society (of which he is Secretary), which is published in the September (1905) number of the "National Geographic Magazine." The ever-expanding West has struggled for the control of the commerce of the East, threading difficult mountain passes, crossing desert wastes, and later braving unknown oceans to get access to the Orient. Beginning with caravans from the Nile valley to the valley of the Euphrates, to India, and to China almost in prehistoric times, we come to the modern period when great sea routes were first discovered and then declared the common property of mankind under the growing law of nations.

Without pausing to trace the history of this development, it is important to note that within the past generation, owing to improvement in the means of communication and of transit, it has entered upon an entirely new stage. A hundred years ago "the world had not a single steamer upon the ocean, a single mile of railway on land, a single span of telegraph upon the continent, or a foot of cable beneath the ocean. In 1905 it had over eighteen thousand steam vessels, five hundred thousand miles of railway, and more than a million miles of land telegraph; while the very continents are bound together and give instantaneous communication by more than two hundred thousand miles of ocean cable." By this enormous increase in the power of production, transportation, and communication, commerce in all parts of the world has multiplied, is multiplying, and will multiply many fold.

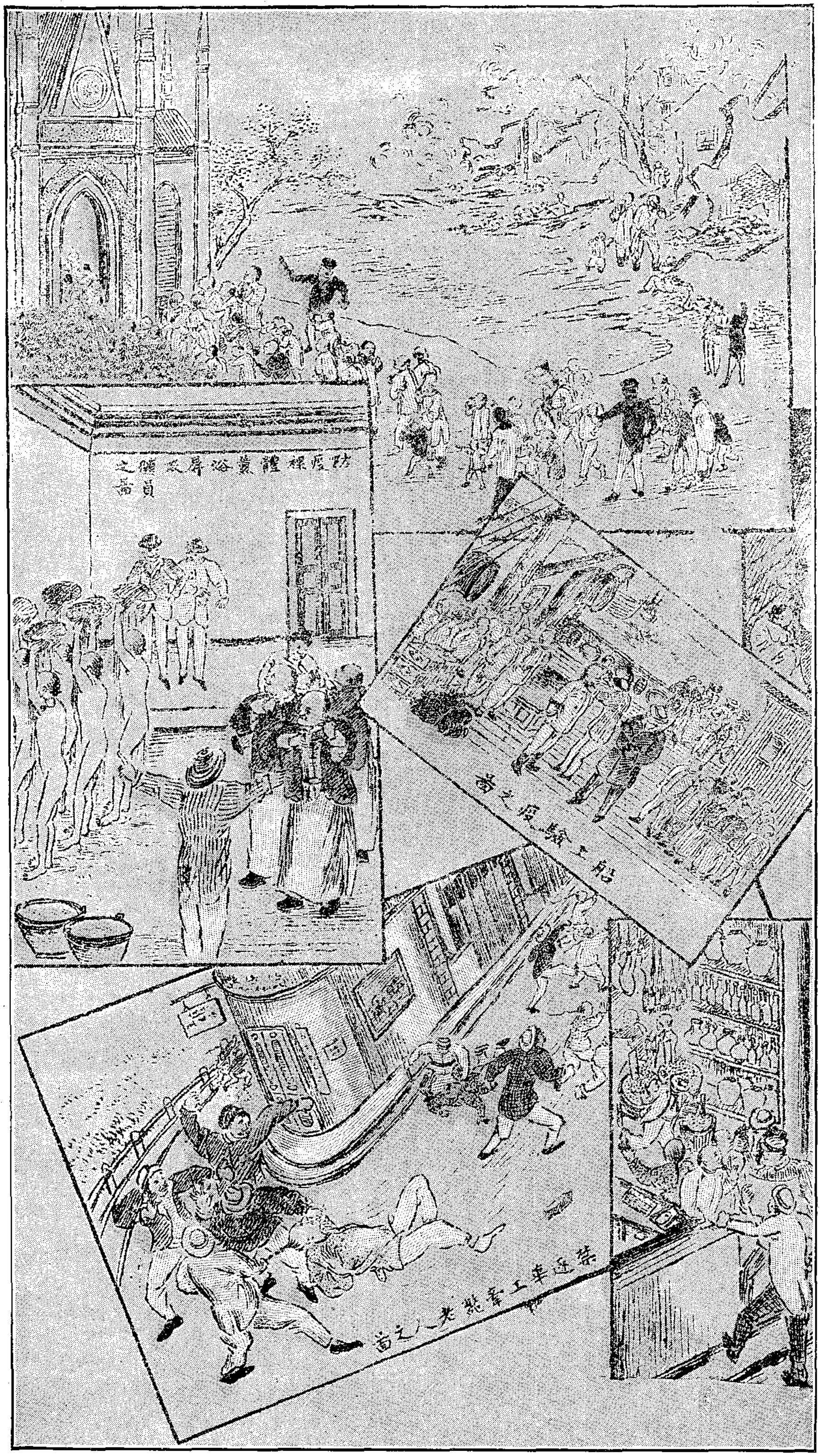


BOYCOTTING A SHOP THAT SELLS AMERICAN FLOUR

American flour is whiter, cleaner, and cheaper than that made in South China. Its sale has been enormous. Now the mills in Washington are shutting down for lack of a market. He who uses American flour is unpatriotic and will be boycotted.

"The world's international commerce, which a single century ago was less than two billions of dollars, is now twenty-two billions; and the commerce of the Orient, which was less than two hundred millions, is now nearly three thousand millions." The population of Asia and Oceania is estimated at eight hundred and fifty millions, as against seven hundred and fifty millions for all the rest of the globe, with a land area of but little more than one-third of the globe (eighteen million square miles against thirty-four million square miles for the remainder). Yet Oriental commerce totals less than three billion dollars, while that of the rest of the world is nineteen billions—an average commerce in the Orient of about three dollars per capita against twenty-seven dollars for the remainder of the world. The growth of Oriental trade for a century has been but two billions of dollars, as against eighteen billions in other parts of the world. But this period of comparative stagnation is passing away. During the past half-century India has built about twenty-eight thousand miles of railway, and has a trade of about $2.25 per capita, while little Japan, with about four thousand five hundred miles of railway, has a trade of $5.86 per head. The industrial revolution in the latter country is one of the marvels of our time. In China, on the other hand, with a population ten times that of Japan, commercial and industrial changes are but beginning. With only about two thousand miles of Chinese railway, experience since 1900 has shown the most conservative Chinese that here is an Aladdin's lamp which they have but to rub to produce a wealth beyond the dreams of even Oriental avarice. The line from Peking to Newchwang is supposed, during the past year, to have netted the Chinese Government between three and four hundred thousand dollars (silver) per month. Is it strange that Chinese geomancy (fengshui) practically disappears as an inhibitory force, and that the dreaded Earth Dragon crawls down a little deeper to be out of the way of the rumble of trains and the piercing of mining shafts? The new industrial China will involve one of the mightiest transformations in the history of mankind—hundreds of millions of sturdy agriculturists metamorphosed into manufacturers. The great plain of China produces unlimited cotton. Its teeming population are all potential agents by which steam and electricity will revolutionize the empire of the East. The city of Hankow, on the mighty Yangtzu River, is probably destined to become one of the greatest manufacturing centers of the world. To control this unprecedented development, and to have a share in its potentialities, is the ambition of every trading country. As we have already reminded ourselves, on the ground of capacity, proximity, energy, *we* are the people who ought to enter into the new conditions with the greatest advantages. Since 1898 the balance of trade is in our favor. China has a long list of commodities—tea, silk, hemp, jute, etc.—that we *must* have. We have cotton goods, lumber, kerosene, flour, etc., which the Chinese have come to like, upon which, however, they are not dependent. We are reminded by the great and growing emigration of some of our best agriculturists to Canada that our arable land is practically exhausted. Hitherto the world has gone westward; but now the limits have been reached, and we must go technically West to get to our goal, which must be the Far East. Mr. Carroll D. Wright has repeatedly pointed out that our unceasing production always tends to become over-production. We are perpetually snowed under by our own products, which must be exported somewhere, but for which, practically, we must find a market in the Far East. "To raise the standard of the Chinese people one hundred per cent.," says Dr. Josiah Strong, "is equivalent to the discovery of five new Americas at a time when there are no more lands to be discovered."

Now, what are we Americans *doing* in the face of possibilities and necessities like these? We need a large American mercantile marine. At present the "flowery flag" has almost disappeared from Chinese seas, while every other country, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan, is represented by great steam lines traversing the globe. The Japanese "Nippon Kaisha" is said to be second only to the Peninsular and Oriental Company in the number of its steamers and their tonnage. They run to Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, Australia, Shanghai, Hongkong, the Straits Settlements, London. What have we worthy to be mentioned in the same generation with this growth of yesterday? Where are our American banks in the Far East to match the gigantic aggregations of capital of the countries named, which are really commercial arteries and veins through which strong financial currents steadily ebb and flow? When shall we have our Consular Service so reformed that we may not, as now, stumble upon many admirable men (with some flagrant exceptions), all greatly underpaid, but may be sure of the *best* men that the country affords in positions of delicacy, difficulty, and of high importance? When shall we have a class of American business men who go, as Germans do, to Eastern lands to learn the language, to cultivate the people, to develop trade and friendship with the Orient, and to take a practical part in the greatest movement of modern times to their own advantage and to that of America and the East? At present what we witness is: (1) "A vast and varied ignorance" on the part of even shrewd and theoretically well-informed business


防疫裸體薰浴辱及隨之
員畨
船上驗疫之畨
禁逐華工害類老人之畨

ILL-TREATMENT OF CHINESE AT SAN FRANCISCO

American insolence in the indiscriminate confounding of scholars, merchants, travelers, and coolies, by treating them as all alike actual or potential criminals, has sunk deep into the awakening national consciousness. Nothing could be better adapted to inflame hatred than these pictures. They show Chinese being driven into the detention sheds, compelled to bathe, measured by the Bertillon system, and subjected to violence and indignities in the street.

men of America as to existing conditions and an indifference to them which makes a handsome match for the like feeling on the part of the Chinese. (2) A race prejudice against those of other training and different skins from our own which is amusing, amazing, inexcusable, and idiotic. Nothing like it, so far as we know, is met with in any of the commercial nations of Europe. In the keen competition for trade it is a heavy weight and an almost fatal handicap. (3) A brainless optimism which, like the traditional midnight cat on the wall, felicitates itself that "things seem to be coming my way" when the facts, rationally considered, are to be interpreted quite otherwise. There is a series of contemporaneous phenomena to which we are singularly indifferent called "the Germanization of the world," which will affect us most seriously both at home and abroad; and there is another process going on which is rightly termed "the Japanization of the Far East," of which we know nothing and for which we care nothing; and yet these allied and yet totally distinct forces harmonize in their endeavor to shut us out of Asia. We are doing what we can to assist them by our selfish and indeed brutal treatment of the Chinese, extending through many decades, which we have conveniently forgotten, but which now, since four hundred millions are coming to world-consciousness, they inconveniently remember. We have invited them to our shores, hunted them as criminals for their accursed sobriety, industry, and economy, have refused justice for wholesale murders committed in "a Territory," because that is a loosely organized region over which the Government control is slight, and for like murders committed in "a State," because that is a tract highly organized, over which the Government has no control at all! Is it any wonder that when a Secretary of State referred the Chinese Minister to the Governor of Colorado, the Oriental blandly replied that he had "no treaty with the Governor of Colorado"?

The nidus of the boycott is in the accumulation of the wrongs of many years, of our mistreatment of an ancient, a proud, a sensitive, and a learned people by a Nation that once professed to believe that "all mankind are created free and equal." This is aggravated by the shameful betrayal of American interests in the Hankow-Canton Railway by an American syndicate. The Chinese are now united against us as never before. Those who know tell us that our trade is becoming a vanishing quantity. The lives of all Americans in China are in more or less danger; yet most of us continue, in the language of a German proverb, to "hold our mouths open, expecting roasted pigeons to fly inside." Is it too much to say that the American people as a whole are living in a fools' paradise?

THE ODOR OF THE OINTMENT

BY ZONA GALE

ASCENSION lilies were everywhere in our shabby drawing-room. They crowded two tables and filled a corner, and rose, slim and white, atop an old Sheraton cabinet. Every one had sent Peleas and me a sheaf of the white blooms—the Cleatams and the Chartres, Miss Willie Lillieblade and Enid and Lisa and Hobart Eddy, had all remembered us on Easter eve, and we entered our drawing-room after breakfast on Easter morning to be almost greeted with a winding of the silver trumpets. The sun smote gloriously across them, and some were like a heavenly kind of candle, their light secretly diffused, premonitory of spring, of some far-off resurrection of light itself into a newer, sweeter element. It was a wonderful Easter day, and, in spite of our absurd white hair, Peleas and I were never in fairer health; and yet, for the first time in our forty-eight years together, Easter found us close prisoners. Easter morning, and we were forbidden to leave the house!

Peleas walked to the window, and lifted and touched among the blossoms, and shook his head sadly.

"Ettare," he said, with some show of firmness, "there is no reason in the world why we should not go."

"Ah, well now," said I, with a sigh, "prove that to Nichola. Do I not know it perfectly already?"

It is one sign of our advancing years, we must suppose, that we are prone to blame each other for the trifles that heaven sends. The sterner things we long ago learned to accept with our hands clasped in each other's; but when the postman is late, or the hot water is cold, or the gas is poor, we have a way of looking solemnly sidewise, with our souls tried.

Yet the night before we had gone upstairs in the best of humors, Peleas carrying an Ascension lily to stand in the moonlight of our window—for it always seems to me the saddest injustice to set the sullen extinguisher of lowered lights upon the brief life of a flower. And we had looked forward happily to the hallowed hour of the morning when the service is, as it should always be, inseparable from a festival of spring.

Then, lo! when we were awakened there was the treacherous world one glittering coat of ice. Branches sparkled against the sparkling blue, the wall of the park was a long rampart of silver, and the faithless sidewalks were mockeries of slipperiness. But the sad significance of this did not come to me until Nichola entered the dining-room with the griddle-cakes and found me dressed in my gray silk and Peleas in broadcloth.

"Is it," said our old serving-woman, who ruled us as if she had brought us from Italy, and we had not, forty-odd years ago, tempted her from her native Capri, "is it that you are mad, with this ice everywhere, everywhere?"

"It is Easter morning, Nichola," said I, with the mildness of one who supports a perfect cause.

"Our Lady knows it is so," said Nichola, setting down her smoking burden; "but the streets are so thick with ice that one breaks one's head a thousand times. You must not think of so much as stepping in the ar-y."

She left the room, and the honey-gold cakes cooled while Peleas and I looked at each other, aghast. Miss our Easter service for the first time in our life together! The thought was hardly to be borne. We argued it out with Nichola when she came back, and Peleas even stamped his foot under the table; but she only brought more cakes and shook her head—the impertinent old woman who has conceived that she must take care of us.

"One breaks one's head a thousand times," she repeated, obstinately. "Our Lady would not wish it. Danger is not holy."

To tell the truth, as Peleas and I

looked sorrowfully out the window over the Ascension lilies, we knew that there was reason in the situation, for the streets were perilous even to look at None the less we bitterly resented it, for it is bad enough to have a disagreeable matter occur without having reason on its side too. As for our carriage, that went long ago, together with the days when Peleas could model and I could write so that a few were deceived; and as for a cab to our far downtown church and back, that was not to be considered. For several years now we have stepped, as Nichola would say, softly, softly from one security to the next, so that we need not give up our house; and even now we are seldom sure that one month's comfort will keep its troth with the next. Since it was too icy to walk to the car, we must needs remain where we were.

"I suppose," said I, as if it were a matter of opinion, "that it is really Easter uptown too. But some way—"

"I know," said Peleas. Really, of all the pleasures of this world, I think that the "I know" of Peleas in answer to something I have left unsaid is the last to be foregone. I hope that there is no one who does not have this delight.

"Peleas—" I began tremblingly to suggest.

"Ah, well now," cried Peleas, resolutely, "let us go anyway. We can walk beside the curb slowly. And, after all, we do not belong to Nichola." Really, of all the pleasures of this world, I think that the daring of Peleas at moments when I am cowardly is quite the last to be renounced. I hope that there is no one who has not the delight of living near some one a bit braver than one is one's self.

With one accord we guiltily slipped from the drawing-room and toiled up the stairs. I think, although we would not for the world have said so, that there may have been in both our minds the fear that this might be our last Easter together, and if it were, to run away to Easter service would be a fitting memory, a little delicious human thing to remember among austerer glories. Out of its box in a twinkling came my violet bonnet, and I hardly so much as looked in a mirror as I put it on. I fastened my cloak wrong from top to bottom and seized two right-hand gloves and thrust them in my muff. And then we opened the door and listened. There was not a sound in the house. We ventured into the passage and down the stairs, and I think we did not breathe until the outer door closed softly upon us. For Nichola, we have come to believe, is a mystic, and thinks other people's thoughts. At all events, she finds us out so often that we prefer to theorize that it is her penetration and not our clumsiness that betrays us.

Nichola had already cleaned the steps with hot water and salt and ashes and sawdust combined—Nichola is so thorough that I am astonished that she has not corrupted me with the quality. Yet no sooner was I beyond the pale of her friendly care than I overestimated thoroughness, like the weak character that I am, and wished that the whole street had practiced it. I took three steps on that icy surface and stood still, desperately.

"Peleas," I said, weakly, "I feel—I feel like a little nut on top of a big, frosted, indigestible cake."

I laughed a bit hysterically, and Peleas slipped my arm more firmly in his, and we crept forward, like the hands of a clock, Peleas a little the faster, as became the tall minute hand. We turned the corner safely, and had only one interminable block to traverse before we reached the haven of the car. I looked down that long expanse of slippery gray, unbroken save where a divine janitor or two had interposed, and my courage failed me. And Peleas rashly ventured on advice.

"You walk too stiffly, Ettare," he explained. "Relax, relax! Step along slowly but easily, as I do. Then, if you fall, you fall like a child—no jar, no shock, no broken bones. Now relax—"

And Peleas did. Before I could shape my answer Peleas had relaxed. He lay in a limp little heap on the ice beside me, and I shall never forget my moment of despair.

I do not know where she came from, but while I stood there hopelessly reiterating, "Peleas—why, Peleas!" on the verge of tears, she stepped from some door of the air to my assistance. She wore a little crimson hat and a crimson collar, but her poor coat, I afterward noted, was sadly worn. A the moment of her coming it was her clear, pale face that fixed itself in my grateful memory. She darted forward, stepped down from the curb, and held out two hands to Peleas.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I can help you. I have on rubber boots."

Surely, no interfering goddess ever arrived in a more practical frame of mind.

When Peleas was upon his feet, looking about him in a dazed and somewhat unforgiving fashion, the little maid caught off her crimson muffler and brushed his coat. And Peleas, with bared head, made her as courtly a bow as his foothold permitted as she was standing somewhat shyly before us with the prettiest anxiety on her face, shaking the snow from the crimson muffler.

"You are not hurt, sir?" she asked, and seemed so vastly relieved at his reassurance that she quite won our hearts. "Now," she said, "won't you let me walk with you? My rubber boots will do for all three."

We each accepted her arm without the smallest protest. I will hazard that no shipwrecked sailor ever inquired of the rescuing sail whether he were inconveniencing it. Once safely aboard, however, and well under way, he may have symbolized his breeding to the extent of offering a faint, polite resistance.

As "Shall we not be putting you out?" inquired Peleas, never offering to release her arm.

And "I'm afraid we are," I ventured, pressing to her all the closer. She was frail as I, too, and it was not the rubber boots to which I pinned my faith; she was young, and you can hardly know what safety that bespeaks until you are seventy, on ice.

"It's just around the corner," informed Peleas, apologetically, and for the first time I perceived that, by common consent, we had turned back toward home. But neither of us mentioned that.

Then, while we stepped forward with beautiful nicety, rounding the corner to come upon the avenue, suddenly, without a moment's warning, our blackest fears were fulfilled. We ran full upon Nichola.

"Ah, I told you, Peleas!" I murmured; which I had not, but one has to take some comfort in crises.

Without a word Nichola wheeled solemnly, grasped my other arm, and made herself fourth in our singular party. Her gray head was unprotected, and her hair stood out all about it. She had thrown her apron about her shoulders, and great patches in her print gown were visible to all the world. When Nichola's sleeves wear out, she always cuts a piece from the front breadth of her skirt to refurbish them, trusting to her aprons to conceal the deficit. She was a sorry old figure, indeed, out there on the avenue in the Easter sunshine, and I inclined bitterly to resent her interference.

"Nichola," said I, haughtily, "one would think that we were obliged to be wheeled about on casters."

Nichola made but brief reply.

"Our Lady knows you'd be better so," she said.

So that was how, on Easter morning, with the bells pealing like a softer silver across the silver of the glittering city, Peleas and I found ourselves back in our lonely drawing-room considerably shaken and hovering before the fire which Nichola stirred into a leaping blaze. And with us, since we had so insisted upon her coming, was our new little friend, fluttering about us with the prettiest concern, taking away my cloak, untying my bonnet, and wheeling an armchair for Peleas, quite as if she were the responsible little hostess and we her upset guests. And presently, the bright hat and worn coat laid aside, she sat on a hassock before the blaze and looked up at us in her delicious shyness, like a little finch that had alighted at our casement and had been coaxed within. I think that I love best these little birdwomen whom one expects at any moment to hear thrilling with a lilt of unreasonable song.

"My dear," said I, upon a sudden, "how selfish of us! I dare say you will have been going to church?"

She hesitated briefly.

"I might 'a' gone to the mission," she

explained, unaccountably coloring, "but I don't know if I would. On Easter."

"But I would have thought," I cried, "that this is the day of days to go."

"It would be," she assented, "it would be—" she went on, hesitating, "but, ma'am, I can't bear to go," she burst out, "because they don't have no flowers. We go to the mission," she added, "and not to the grand churches. And it seems—it seems—don't you think God must be where the most flowers are? An' last Easter we only had one geranium."

Bless the child! I dare say I must be a kind of pagan, for I understood.

"Your flowers are beau-tiful," she said, shyly, with a little breath of content. "Are they real? I've been wantin' to ask you. I never saw so many without the glass in front. But they don't smell much," she added, wistfully; "I wonder why that is?"

Peleas and I had been wondering that very morning. They looked so sweet-scented and yet were barren of fragrance; and we had told ourselves that they were, perhaps, lilies of symbol, without mission or message beyond the symbol, without hue or passion, or, so to say, experience.

"Perhaps if one were to make some one happy with them, or to put them in a bride's bouquet, they would no longer be scentless," Peleas quaintly said.

But now my mind was busy with other problems than those of such fragrance.

"Where do you go to church, my dear?" I asked, gravely, not daring to glance at Peleas.

"To the mission," she said, "over—" and she named one of the poorest and most struggling of the East Side chapels. "It's just started," she explained, "an' the lady that give most, she died, and the money don't come. And poor Mr. Lovelow, he's the minister, and he's sick—but he preaches, anyhow. And pretty near nobody comes to hear him," she added, with a curious, half-defiant emotion, her cheeks still glowing. It was strange that I, who am such a busybody of romance, was so slow in comprehending that betraying color.

Peleas and I knew where the mission was. We had even peeped into it one Sunday when, though it was not quite finished, they were trying to hold service from the unpainted pulpit. I remembered the ugly walls, covered with the lead-pencil calculations of the builders, the forlorn reed organ, the pushing feet upon the floor. And now "the lady who give most" had died.

"Last Easter," our little friend was reiterating, "we had one geranium that the minister brought. But now his mother is dead, and I guess he won't be keeping plants. Men always lets 'em freeze. Mis' Sledge, she's got a cactus, but it hasn't bloomed yet. Maybe she'll take that. And they said they was going to hang up the letters left from last Christmas, for the green. They don't say nothing but 'Welcome' and 'Star of Bethlehem,' but I s'pose the 'Welcome' is always nice for a church, and I s'pose the star shines all year round, for that matter. But they don't much of anybody come. Mr. Lovelow, he's too sick to visit round much. Last Sunday they was only 'leven in the whole room."

"Only 'leven in the whole room." It hardly seemed credible in New York. Yet I knew the poverty of some of the smaller missions, especially in a case where "the lady that give most" has died. And this poor young minister, this young Mr. Lovelow whose mother had died, and who was too sick to "visit round much," and doubtless had an indifferent, poverty-ridden parish which no other minister wanted—I knew the whole story of the struggle in an instant. I looked over at our great banks of Ascension lilies and I found myself most unreasonably angry with the dear Cleatams and Chartres and the rest for the self-indulgence of having given them to us!

At that moment my eyes met those of Peleas. He was leaning forward looking at me with his adorable expression of both daring and fear of my disapproval, and I saw his eyes go swiftly to the lilies. What was he contriving, I wondered, my heart beating. He was surely not thinking of sending our lilies over to the mission, for we could never get them all there in time, and Nichola—

"Ettare!" said Peleas—and showed me in a moment heights of resourcefulness to which I can never attain—

"Ettare! It is only half after ten. We can't go out to service—and the mission is not four blocks from us. Why not have our little friend run over there, and if there are only two dozen or so in the church, have that young Mr. Lovelow bring them all over here, and let it be Easter in this room?"

He waved his hand to the lilies waiting there all about the walls and doing no one any good but a selfish old man and woman. He looked at me, almost abashed at his own impulse, certain that I would believe him mad. Was ever such a practical Mahomet, proposing to bring to himself some Mountain Delectable?

"Do you mean," I asked breathlessly, "to let them have church in this—"

"Here with us, in the drawing-room," Peleas explained. "Why not? There were fifty in the room for that morning Lenten musicale. There's the piano for the music. And the lilies—the lilies—"

"Of course we will," I cried. "But, oh! will they come? Do you think they will come?"

I turned to our little friend, and she had risen and was waiting with shining eyes.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, trembling, "why, ma'am! Oh, yes'm, they'll come. I'll get 'em here myself. Oh, Mr. Lovelow, he'll be so glad . . ."

She flew to her bright hat and worn coat and crimson muffler.

"Mr. Lovelow says," she cried, "that a mission church is just as much a holy temple as the ark of the government—but he was so glad when we dyed the spread for the orgin—oh, ma'am," she broke off, knotting the crimson scarf about her throat, "do you really want 'em? They ain't—you know they don't look—"

"Hurry, child," said Peleas, "and mind you don't let one of them escape!"

When she was gone we looked at each other in a frightful panic.

"Peleas," I cried, trembling, "think of all there is to be done in ten minutes."

Peleas brushed this aside as a mere straw in the wind.

"Think of Nichola," he portentously amended.

In all our flurry we could not help laughing at the frenzy of our old servant when we told her. Old Nichola was born upon the other side of every argument. In her we can see the history of all the world working out in a miniature of wrinkles. For Nichola would have cut off her gray hair with Sparta, hurled herself fanatically abroad on St. Bartholomew's Day, borne a pike before the Bastile, broken and burned the first threshing-machine in England, stoned Luther, and helped sew the stars upon striped cloth in the kitchen of Betsy Ross.

Peleas once said that old Nichola proved to him that Liberals and Conservatives, galley-slaves and Pharaohs, are but a kind of geometrical progression in nerves from a fixed base of our common consciousness.

"For the love of heaven," cried Nichola, "church in the best room! It is not holy. Whoever heard o' church in a private house, like a spiritualist see-once, or whatever they are. An' me with a sponge-cake in the oven," she concluded, fervently. "Heaven be helpful, ma'am, I wish't you'd 'a' went to church yourselves."

By means of chairs drawn from the library and dining-room and frantically dusted with Nichola's apron, we were quickly ready, with the lilies turned from the windows to look inward upon the room, and a little table laid with a white cloth and set with a vase of lilies, for the Bible. And, in spite of Nichola, who every moment scolded and prophesied and nodded her head in the certainty that all the thunders of the church would descend upon us, we were ready when the door-bell rang. I peeped from the drawing-room window and saw that our steps were filled!

"Nichola," said I, trembling, "you will come up to the service, will you not?"

Nichola shook her old gray head.

"It's a nonsense," she shrilly proclaimed. "It will not be civilized. It will not be religious. I'll open the door on 'em, but I won't do nothink elst, ma'am."

The sun was slanting madly across our shabby drawing-room, and the lilies were a glory in the light, when we heard their garments in the hall and the voice of Little Friend. Then Peleas threw open the door, and there was our Easter, come to us upon the threshold.

I shall not soon forget the fragile, gentle figure who led them. The Reverend Stephen Lovelow, with his soul aflame in his luminous face and deep eyes, came in with outstretched hand, and I have forgotten what he said, or, indeed, whether he spoke at all. But he took our hands in his hot, thin hand, and greeted us as the disciple must have greeted the host of that House of the Upper Room. We led the way to the white table where he laid his worn Bible, and then stood in silence while the others found their places, marshaled briskly by Little Friend, who made as efficient a captain as she had a deliverer. There were plenty of chairs and to spare, and when every one was seated, in perfect quiet, the young clergyman bowed his head:

"Lord, thou hast made thy face to shine upon us—" he prayed, and it seemed to me that our shabby drawing-room, with its windows of sun and white bloom, was suddenly glorified and quick with a presence more intimate than the lilies.

When the hymn was given out and there was a fluttering of leaves of the hymn-books they had brought, five of our guests, at a nod from Mr. Lovelow, made their way forward. One was a young woman with a face ruddy, but ruddy with that strange, wrinkled ruddiness of age rather than of youth, and she wore a huge felt hat laden with flaming roses evidently added expressly for Easter day. She had on a thin waist of flimsy pink, with a collar of beads and silver braid, and there were stones of all colors in a half-dozen rings upon her hands. She took her place at the piano with an ease almost defiant, and she played the hymn not badly, I must admit, and sang in a full riotous soprano. Meanwhile, at her side was ranged the choir. There were four—a great watch-dog of a bass, with swelling veins upon his forehead, and erect reddish hair; a little round contralto in a plush cap, and a dress trimmed with the appliquéd flowers cut from a lace curtain; a tall, shy soprano who looked from one to another through the hymn as if she were in personal exhortation; and a pleasant-faced tenor who sang with a will that was good to hear, and was evidently the choir leader, for he beat time with a stumpy, cracked hand set with a huge black ring on its middle finger. The little woman next me offered me her book, and I had a glimpse of a pinched side-face, with a displaced strand of gray hair and a loose linen collar with no cravat, but I have seldom heard a sweeter voice than that which up-trembled beside me—although, poor little woman! she was sadly ill at ease because the thumb which rested upon the book next me was thrust in a glove fully an inch too long. As for Peleas, he was sharing a book with a youngish man, stooped, long-armed, with a mane of loose black hair, whom Mr. Lovelow afterward told me had lost his position in a sweat-shop through drawing some excellent cartoons on the box of his machine. Mr. Lovelow himself was looking over with a mother and daughter who were afterward presented to us, and who embarrassed any listener by persistently talking in concert, each repeating a few words of what the other had just said, quite in the fashion of the most gently bred talkers bent upon assuring each other of their spontaneous sympathy and response.

And what a hymn it was! After the first stanza they gained in confidence, and a volume of sound filled the low room—ay, and a world of spirit, too. "Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Hallelu—jah! . . ." they caroled, and Peleas, who never can sing a tune aloud, although he declares indignantly that in his head he keeps it perfectly, and I, who do not sing at all, both joined perforce in the triumphant chorus. Ah, I dare say that farther down the avenue were sweet-voiced choirs that sang music long rehearsed, golden, flowing, all compact of spirit and sweet sound, and yet I think there was no more fervent Easter music than that in which we joined. It was as if the other music were the censer-smoke, and we were its shadow upon the ground, but a proof of the sun, for all that.

I cannot now remember all that simple service, perhaps because I so well remember the very glory of the hour. I sat where I could glimpse the sunny park stretching away, black upon silver and silver upon black, over the tops of sheaves of Ascension lilies. The face of the young minister was illumined as he read and talked to his people. I think that I have never known such gentleness, never such yearning and tenderness, as were in him for that handful of crude and careless and devout. And though he spoke passionately and convincingly, I could not but think that he was like some dumb thing striving for the utterance of the secret fire within—striving to "burn aloud," as a violin beseeches understanding. Perhaps there is no other way to tell the story of that first day of the week—"early, when it was yet dark."

"They had brought sweet spices," he said, "with which to anoint Him. Where are the spices that we have brought to-day? Have we aught of sacrifice, of charity, of zeal, of adoration—let us lay them at His feet, an offering acceptable unto the Lord, a token of our presence at the door of the sepulcher from which the stone was rolled away. Where are the sweet spices of our hands, where the pound of ointment of spikenard wherewith we shall anoint the feet of our Lord? For if we bring of our spiritual possession, the Christ will suffer us, even as he suffered Mary; and the house shall be filled with the odor of the ointment."

"And the house shall be filled with the odor of the ointment," I said over to myself. Is it not strange how a phrase, a vista, a bar of song, the thought of God beneath the open stars, will almost pierce the veil?

"And the house shall be filled with the odor of the ointment," I said silently all through the last prayer and the last hymn and the benediction of "The Lord make his face to shine upon you, the Lord give you peace." And some way, with the rustle of their rising, the abashment which is an integral part of all such gatherings as we had convoked was not to be reckoned with, and straightway the presentations and the words of gratitude, and even the pretty anxiety of Little Friend fluttering among us, were spontaneous and unconstrained. It was quite as if, Peleas said afterward, we had some way magically been reduced to a common denominator! Indeed, it seems to me, remembering the day, as if half the principles of Christian sociology were illustrated there in our shabby drawing-room; but, for that matter, I would like to ask what complexities of political science, what profound bases of *solidarité*, are not on the way to be solved in the presence of Easter lilies? I am in all these matters most stupid and simple, but at all events I am not blameful enough to believe that they are exhausted by the theories.

Every one lingered for a little, in proof of the success of our venture. Peleas and I talked with the choir and the pianiste, and this lady informed us that our old rosewood piano, which we apologetically explained to be fifty years old, was every bit as good and every bit as loud as a new golden-oak instrument belonging to her sister. The tall, shy soprano told us, haltingly, how much she had enjoyed the hour, and her words carried with them all sincerity in spite of her strange system of over-emphasis of everything she said, and a carrying down the corners of her mouth, as if in deprecation. The plump little contralto thanked us, too, with a most winning smile—such round open eyes she had, immovably fixed on the object of her attention, and, as Peleas said, such *evident* eyes.

"Her eyes looked so amazingly like eyes," he afterward commented, whimsically.

We talked, too, with the little woman of the long-thumbed gloves, who had the extraordinary habit of smiling faintly and turning away her head whenever she detected any one looking at her. And the sweat-shop cartoonist proved to be an engaging young giant with the figure of a Greek god, classic features, a manner of gravity amounting almost to hauteur, and the most pronounced East Side dialect that I have ever heard.

"Will you not let us," said I to him, after Mr. Lovelow's word about his talent, "let us see your drawings some time? It would give us great pleasure."

Whereupon, "Sure. Me, I'll toin the whol' of 'em over to youse," said the

Greek god, thumbs out and shoulders flickering!

But back of these glimpses of reality among them there was something still more real; and though I dare say there will be some who will smile at the whole affair, and seek to "rationalize" upon it, and call that interest curiosity and those awkward thanks mere aping of convention, yet Peleas and I, who have a modest degree of intelligence and had the advantage of being present, do affirm that, on that Easter morning, countless little doors were opened in the air to admit a throng of sweet presences. We cannot tell what it may have been, and we are helpless before all argument and incredulity, but we know that a certain stone was rolled away from the door of the hearts of us all, and there were with us those in shining garments.

In the midst of all I turned to ask our Little Friend some trivial thing, and I saw that which made my old heart leap. Little Friend stood before a table of the lilies, and with her was young Mr. Lovelow. And something—I cannot tell what it may have been, but in these matters I am rarely mistaken; and something—as she looked up and he looked down made me know, past all doubting, how it was with them. And this open secret of their love was akin to the mysteries of the day itself. The gentle, sad young clergyman and our Little Friend of the crimson muffler had suddenly opened to us another door and admitted another joyous presence. I cannot tell how it may be with every one else, but for Peleas and me one such glimpse—a glimpse of two faces alight with happiness on the street, in a car, or wherever they may be—is enough to make glad a whole gray week. Though, to be sure, no week is ever wholly gray.

I was still busy with the sweet surprise of this, and longing for opportunity to tell Peleas, when they all moved toward the door, and, with good-bys, filed into the hall. And there in the anteroom stood Nichola, our old servant, who brushed my elbow and said in my ear:

"Mem, every one of 'em looks starvin'. I've a kettle of hot coffee ready an' there's fresh sponge-cake in plenty. I've put cups on the dinin'-room table, an' I thought—"

"Nichola!" said I, in a low and, I must believe, positively ecstatic tone.

"An' no end o' work it's made me, too," added our old servant, sourly, and not to be thought in the least gracious.

It was a very practical ending to that radiant Easter morning, but, indeed, I dare say we could have devised none better. Moreover, Nichola had ready sandwiches and a fresh cheese of her own making, and a great bowl of some simple salad dressed as only Nichola's Italian hands can dress it. I wondered, as I sat in the circle of our guests, a vase of Easter lilies on the table, whether Nichola, that grim old woman, who scorned to come to our service, had yet not brought her pound of ointment of spikenard, very precious.

"You and Mr. Lovelow are to spend the afternoon and have tea with us," I whispered Little Friend, and had the joy of seeing the tell-tale color leap gloriously to her cheek and a tell-tale happiness kindle in his eyes. I am never free from amazement that a mere word, or so humble a plan for another's pleasure, can give so much joy. Verily, one would suppose that we would all be so busy at this pastime that we would almost neglect our duties!

So when the others were gone these two lingered. All through the long, spring-gold afternoon they sat with us beside our crackling fire of bavin-sticks, telling us of this and that homely interest, of some one's timid hope and another's sacrifice, in the life of the little mission. Ah, I dare say that Carlyle and Hugo have the master's hand for touching open a casement here and there and letting one look in upon an isolated life, and, sympathizing for one passionate moment, turn away before the space is closed again with darkness; but these two were destined that day to give us glimpses hardly less poignant, to open to us so many unknown hearts that we would be justified in never again being occupied with our own concerns. And when, after tea, they stood in the dusk of the hallway trying to say good-by, I think that their secret must have shone in our faces too, and, as the children say, "we all knew that we all knew," and life was a thing of heavenly blessedness.

Young Mr. Lovelow took the hand of Peleas, and mine he kissed.

"The Lord bless you, the Lord make his face to shine upon you, the Lord give you peace," was in his eyes as he went away.

"And, oh, sir," Little Friend said shyly to Peleas as she stood at the top of the steps, knotting her crimson muffler, "ain't it good, after all, that Easter was all over ice?"

That night Peleas carried upstairs a great armful of the Ascension lilies to stand in the moonlight of our window. We took lilies to the mantel, and set great stalks of bloom upon the table, with their white trumpets turned within upon the room. And when the doors had been made fast and the lower lights extinguished, and Nichola had bade us her grumbling good-night, we opened the door of that upper room where the moon was silvering the lilies; and, on a sudden, in the dimness we stood still, smitten by a common surprise.

"Peleas," I said, uncertainly, "oh, Peleas! I thought—"

"So did I," said Peleas, with a deep breath.

We bent above the lilies that looked so sweet-scented and yet had been barren of fragrance because, we had told ourselves, they were, perhaps, flowers of symbol, without mission or message beyond the symbol, without hue or passion, or, so to say, experience. ("Perhaps if one were to make some one happy with them, or to put them in a bride's bouquet, they would no longer be scentless," Peleas had quaintly said.) And now Peleas and I were certain, as we stood hushed beside them, that our Easter lilies were giving out a faint, delicious fragrance.

I looked up at him almost fearfully in the flood of spring moonlight. The radiance was full upon his white hair and tranquil face, and he met my eyes with the knowledge that we were suddenly become the custodians of a strange, exquisite secret. The words of the young servant of God came to me understandingly.

"'And the house shall be filled with the odor of the ointment,'" I said over, softly. "Oh, Peleas," I added, tremulously, "do you think . . ."

Peleas lifted his face, and I thought that it shone in the dimness.

"Ah, well," he answered, "we must believe all the beautiful things we can."

Comment on Current Books

New Books of Importance Among the books of special interest just published, and on which comment will be made later on in The Outlook, may be mentioned: Mr. Horace Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden" (Small, Maynard & Co.), a volume of personal reminiscences by one whom some reviewer has termed Whitman's Boswell; Professor John C. Van Dyke's "The Opal Sea" (Scribners), which, like Professor Van Dyke's "The Desert," is a study in impressions and appearances; "The Memoirs of Archbishop Temple," by "Seven Friends" (Macmillan); Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Nero," a drama in blank verse: and a new volume in the standard reference-book, "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Macmillan).

The Art of Keeping Well A sensible book of advice out of a half-century of experience. The cheerful, spiritual tone of the writer is more fully accounted for in the biography filling half of the book, and in the tributes paid to her high character and great usefulness from men and women who came within her influence during her long and busy life. Her usefulness and her charities are perpetuated in the lives of her many friends, though she has entered the "upper room." (The Art of Keeping Well. By Cordelia A. Greene, M.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25, net.)

Bruges and West Flanders One of a satisfactory series of illustrated descriptions of picturesque lands. The fascination of the "dead cities" of Flanders has been felt by many travelers, who will be eager to read these bits of history and comment by Mr. Osmond, and enjoy at the same time the admirable colored plates done by Amedée Forestier. Each one of these quaint, often despoiled towns has remaining some romantic relics and picturesque buildings—belfry, market-place, Hôtel de Ville—old gateways, or churches enriched with paintings. In Bruges the Belfry "old and brown, thriced consumed and thrice rebuilded," or the Hospital of St. John, with its priceless Memlincs, or the quiet and quaint Béguinage, or the glimpses of silent canals which Bruges shares in common with many cities in the Low Countries, all return to the memory, and impel one to revisit the town. West Flanders is still less influenced by change, and the country lying back from the coast, between the borders of France and Holland, retains the Flemish speech and the Flemish independence of manner. It is strange that among so many pictures the Belfry of Bruges does not appear in this volume, though the Market-place, more picturesque than in reality, has a place. While the text of the book is not remarkable in any way, it is written in clear, simple style, and rehearses the main historical points desirable for a reader to know. Among the towns of West Flanders are Ypres, Furnes, with its mediæval annual procession of penitents, Nieuport, and Coxyde. The amazing and decidedly disturbing contrast between the dreamy quiet of the "dead cities" and the blatant, dazzling glare of the terribly new watering-places on the coast, overrun by tourists and the unspeakable English variety known as "trippers," is not too strongly shown, and makes the conservative traveler wish there were not so many people in the world, or that a less number could afford to journey abroad. (Bruges and West Flanders. By G. W. T. Osmond. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.)

Concerning Immortality The two books whose titles are given below approach the subject of immortality from different points of view. Professor Ostwald, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Leipzig, treats the question as a purely scientific problem. His conclusion is that "the only lasting kind of life that I can discover in the realm of our experience" is the immortality of influence. This is not a very satisfactory conclusion to one whose friend has disappeared into the unknown future. Nor is the process of investigation any more satisfactory. Immortality, at least as Professor Ostwald regards it, is a hope of the future. Hope is not seen, "for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?" but natural science deals only with what is seen. Whatever in the unseen it deduces from the seen is at the best but a working hypothesis, and immortality as a working hypothesis is not of any great vital value. Dr. Crothers approaches the problem as a philosopher, or rather as a prophet. His volume is an interpretation of life by a seer. To him immortality is a present experience, a kind of life rather than a mere duration: it is qualitative, not merely quantitative. Dr. Crothers's conclusion is summed up in these two sentences: "'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.' Conscious of the divine quality of the present life, one can afford to wait for the things which do not yet appear." It can hardly be necessary for The Outlook to add that of these two the second appears to us to be the saner and more rational point of view. (The Endless Life. By S. M. Crothers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 75c. Individuality and Immortality. By Wilhelm Ostwald. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 75c.)

The Dawn of a To-Morrow Mrs. Burnett has followed some other writers into the London slums, and gives us a dramatic, perhaps a melodramatic, view of the dreadful conditions there. A rich, titled man, without hope in the world, decides to end his life in the obscurity of a shabby London lodging-house. Reversing the plot of Lord Fauntleroy, in this case the weary man is shown the better way by an ugly, untaught child, and learns, among his squalid surroundings and poverty-stricken companions, that life is worth living, and worth too much to be thrown away. There is a decidedly tense air about the short story, which detracts from its intended effect. (The Dawn of a To-Morrow. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.)

The Development of Palestine Exploration Dr. Bliss here tells the story of his predecessors in the field in which he has won distinction. It is a long line, in which the typical modern explorer first appears in Felix Fabri, four centuries ago. The moderns most prominent in this narrative, originally given as the Ely Lectures at Union Seminary in 1903, are our countryman, Professor Edward Robinson, Renan, his contemporaries, and the workers sustained by the Palestine Exploration Fund, organized in 1865. What Dr. Bliss gives us is for the most part a bird's-eye view of a large field, with some details of the sites with which he has been personally concerned, as at Tell-el-Hesy (the ancient Lachish) and Jerusalem. While only twenty of many hundreds of sites have been excavated, there still is much to expect, for the realizing of which some practical suggestions are given. (The Development of Palestine Exploration. By Frederick Jones Bliss, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.)

The Girls of Gardenville

It is pleasant to have another book about a group of merry, natural girls, who have the attractions of innocence and youthful faults. "The Sweet Sixteen" Club made fudge, and went on picnics, and behaved just as jolly, nice maidens should. (The Girls of Gardenville. By Carroll Watson Rankin. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.)

A Lady in Waiting

The romance of a little French countess in the court of Marie Antoinette is interesting, though not novel either in plot or style. Escaping "paying the debt" that all her family paid with their lives, the lady fled to America, where she won the republican court of Washington as she had the aristocratic court of France. We are gratified to know that her sweetness and beauty were rewarded by happy love and a home in her own country at last. The miniature portrait shows "Julia de Chesnil" to be a charming figure. (A Lady in Waiting. By Charles Woodcock Savage. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

A Lame Dog's Diary

The provincial life of a little English village is reflected in this clever diary kept by an invalid officer who returned crippled from the Boer War. The suggestion of the diary came from a winning, tantalizing young widow, who cheered the invalid by her amusing, paradoxical talk. The diarist and his sister Palestrina are true English types—quiet gentlefolk. The romance glowing beneath the light tone of the diary is delightful and novel enough to insure the reader's attention to the end. The author has a good sense of humor. (A Lame Dog's Diary. By S. McNaughton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Launching of a University

While our country's growth in material wealth and power is more obvious to the common eye, its more fundamental interests have not been neglected; its creation and fostering of great universities has been equally remarkable. Rather more than a third of this volume is commemorative of the founding and growth of an institution which distinctly advanced our ideal of university education—the Johns Hopkins University, of which the writer, Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, was the master builder, and for its first quarter-century the President. Suppressing to the utmost his own part therein, Dr. Gilman devotes himself to commemorating the work and genius of his associates. It was a rare and brilliant group of torch-bearers in the advance of learning that he gathered round him in Baltimore, and it is a rich "sheaf of remembrances" that he has preserved in noteworthy reminiscences and characterizations of gifted men, set forth in finished literary form with here and there a gem of pleasantry and wit. Following this are addresses at various universities on great occasions, such as the Yale Bicentennial, and as many others, given elsewhere, on themes of educational and civic importance. Dr. Gilman is now at the head of the Carnegie Institution for the Advancement of Knowledge, and takes the present opportunity to say something of it for better public information. But Johns Hopkins is his memorial, and will be. (Launching of a University, and Other Papers. By Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50, net.)

The Life of Reason

In preceding volumes thus entitled Professor George Santayana, of Harvard, has examined the "phases of human progress" in common sense, society, religion, and art. In this volume he examines them in science, mainly in mental and moral science—history, dialectics, psychology, ethics. The fundamental misconceptions that have been noticed in the former volumes stand out in this. "No causes are other than mechanical." "Historical research is a part of physics." A man's life is predetermined by his nature. "The morality which has genuine authority exists inevitably, and speaks autonomously in every common judgment, self-congratulation, ambition, or passion that fills the vulgar day"—a statement that inevitably reminds one of Nietzsche. Yet a higher strain, discordant with this, is also heard. Though existence is "irrational," reason gets in somehow from somewhere. "To stop at selfishness is not particularly rational. . . . It is discipline that renders men rational and capable of happiness, by suppressing without hatred what needs to be suppressed to attain a beautiful naturalness. . . . The true conscience is rather an integrated natural will, chastened by clear knowledge of what it pursues and may attain." Intellectualism thus makes the difference between the spiritually and the materially minded man. But the only advantage of this "spiritual life" is that "the physical equilibrium attained insures to it a natural stability and a natural prosperity" so long as the body lasts. "An ultimate extinction of man and all his works" should not seem a thought intolerable. Professor Santayana's skeptical criticism of scientific method and progress has the advantage of a charming literary style, coupled with the drawback of a *nil admirari* tone that leaves the reader unrelieved by the consciousness of getting much help toward the goal of moral endeavor for moral reality. (The Life of Reason. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

Melody in Speech Of the various misuses of speech in public address, probably the worst is that of the man who preaches consciously artificial elocution; the next worst is that of the man who imagines that to be "natural" is all that is required of a public speaker. It is almost as necessary to learn how to use one's voice in speech as to learn how to use one's fingers in playing the pianoforte. A good vocal teacher is desirable, but not always, perhaps we should say not often, obtainable. In the absence of such a teacher, this little book, in its third edition, will be found a manual of proved value. The "reminiscences" of Professor Raymond's teaching given in the appendix prepared by his son, R. W. Raymond, add value as well as interest to the book. (Melody in Speech: A Book of Principle, Precept, and Practice in Inflection and Emphasis. By Robert R. Raymond, A.M.; edited and published after his death by R. W. Raymond. New York, 1906.)

Miss Primrose These character studies are so slight as to be sketches rather than stories, but they have a delicacy and sincerity which give them literary interest. They are gathered into three groups, the chapters of each having a common purpose. There are gentle pathos and quaint humor to be found throughout. (Miss Primrose. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.)

A New History of Greece Although the "Story of the Nations" series already possesses a volume on Greece by Professor James A. Harrison, the general editor of the series is amply justified in including this new volume by Dr. Schuckburgh, whose point of view is entirely different from the earlier work, which was mainly an outline. Here stress is laid upon the political, intellectual, and artistic achievements of the Greeks, rather than on the wars in which Greece engaged. The narrative reads easily, and has the merits of a consecutive and well-proportioned story. The period covered is from the occupation of Greece by the Hellenes up to A.D. 14, and a second volume is proposed dealing with the later history of the Greeks' waning power and fame. (The Story of the Nations: Greece. By E. S. Schuckburgh, Litt.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.35, net.)

The Prisoner of Ornith Farm A frankly sensational story by the author of "The House on the Hudson." One must not inquire too critically as to the underlying probabilities of such tales. Both of these books have vividness and suspense and show considerable ingenuity in sustaining the reader's attention in the main situation by the dramatic way in which the successive incidents are managed; but both are weak as to the motive for action. (The Prisoner of Ornith Farm. By Frances Powell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

The Spirit of the Pines A graceful story by a new writer which follows somewhat the lines of a popular romance that appeared several years ago. A young woman of the world, suffering bereavement, went for retirement to an old manse in Vermont. There she met a young physician who, his health being broken, was ordered to Colorado, and given but a few years to live. This propinquity caused the tragedy of love and separation. While the romance is slight, it is refined and combines strength with pathos. (The Spirit of the Pines. By Margaret Moore. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.)

The Title-Mart This is a frankly farcical play aimed at title-hunting and toadyism among American fashionable people. The scene is placed in a millionaire's "camp," near his native New England village; and there is, in addition to the social satire, a quaint flavor of Yankee country life. (The Title-Mart. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York. 75c., net.)

The Truth About Tolna The young lady who achieved popularity at a single stroke, Miss Bertha Runkle, has written of an American fortnight almost as crowded with events as were those few amazing days in "The Helmet of Navarre." There are a dash and vigor about the handling of this novel of modern New York life that will carry it, perhaps, beyond its real merits. The double character forced upon Tolna by his artistic friend and manager gives opportunity for several farcical situations and an occasional semi-tragic note. Tolna and Mrs. Burnham are most entertaining. Denys Alden is less convincing than some other members of his social set. (The Truth About Tolna. By Bertha Runkle. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.)

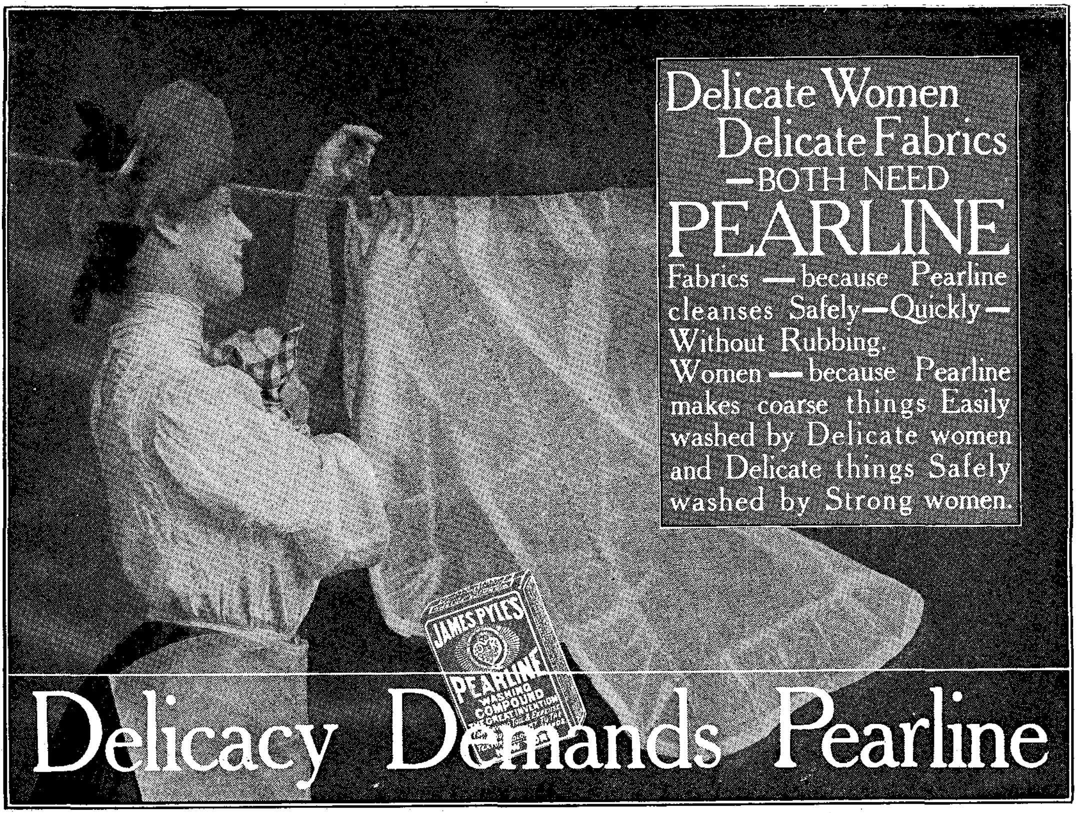
EMBLEMS OF PURITY

Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness are the sensations produced by the use of

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Pure as the Pines

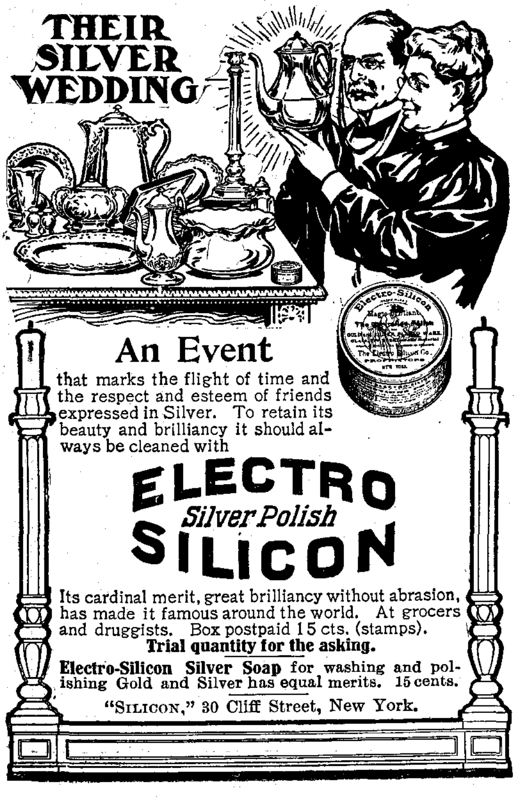
THE PACKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—NEW YORK CITY



Delicate Women
Delicate Fabrics
—BOTH NEED
PEARLINE

Fabrics — because Pearline cleanses Safely—Quickly—Without Rubbing.
Women — because Pearline makes coarse things Easily washed by Delicate women and Delicate things Safely washed by Strong women.

Delicacy Demands Pearline



THEIR SILVER WEDDING

An Event that marks the flight of time and the respect and esteem of friends expressed in Silver. To retain its beauty and brilliancy it should always be cleaned with

ELECTRO
Silver Polish
SILICON

Its cardinal merit, great brilliancy without abrasion, has made it famous around the world. At grocers and druggists. Box postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).
Trial quantity for the asking.

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits. 15 cents.

"SILICON," 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Electro-Silicon
The Electro Silicon Co.
New York

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

Pure as the Lily

—healthful and refreshing; that is why MENNEN'S is always used and recommended by physicians and nurses. Its perfect purity and absolute uniformity have won for it universal esteem. In the nursery it is supreme, unequalled for **chafing, nettle-rash, chapped hands,** etc., it is soothing, sanitary and healing. MENNEN'S face on every box—see that you get the genuine. *For sale everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample free.* MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM has the scent of fresh cut violets.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.— NEWARK. N. J.

The Absurd Man

never changes.

If you are "going down" a little—lack power and vigor to "do things"—your food does not properly supply the need.

Change!

Grape-Nuts

Furnish the things that the system must have to make bone, muscle, and the gray matter in brain and nerve centres.

10 days' trial shows one that feeling of reserve strength so essential to success.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

NOURISH

the body, don't dose it with medicine. Scott's Emulsion is the best nourishment in existence. It is more than a food; you may doubt it, but it digests perfectly easy and at the same time gets the digestive functions in a condition so that ordinary food can be easily digested. Try it if you are run down and your food doesn't nourish you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

Our Fashion Book and Samples Free

With them you can choose the style and fabric for your new suit or skirt with as much satisfaction as though you came to New York.

Our Fashion Book illustrates over **185** New York styles. It is a perfect guide to correct dressing.

All our **450** fabrics are new and designed especially for this season.

We have over 600 tailors, and can start your garment the day we receive your order. We will make the garment according to your individual measurements and in the latest New York style.

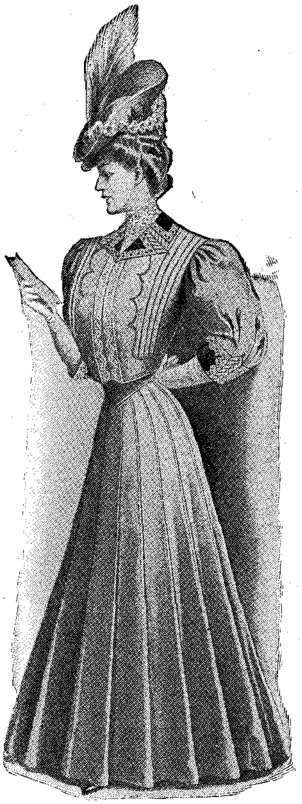
We guarantee to fit you perfectly. If you are not entirely satisfied with your garment, you may send it back and we will refund your money.

Spring and Summer Suits

$4 to $25

New York Styles

Our Fashion Book illustrates:



Shirt-Waist Suits,	$6.00 to $20
Tailor-Made Suits,	$7.50 to $25
Silk Suits,	$9.75 to $25
Wash Suits,	$4.00 to $15
Separate Skirts,	$3.50 to $15
Silk Coats,	$9.75 to $20
Rain Coats,	$8.00 to $20
Jackets and Coats,	$5.75 to $15

Also a full line of the new "Pony" Coat Suits, Sailor Suits and demi-tailored Gowns.

WE MAKE ALL THESE GARMENTS TO ORDER ONLY

We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the U. S., which means a big saving to you.

We Send FREE to any part of the United States our New **Spring and Summer Book of New York Fashions,** showing the latest styles and containing simple directions for taking measurements correctly; also a large assortment of Samples of the newest materials.

Write for them to-day; you will get them by return mail.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City

Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est'd 18 Years.

Mellin's Food

for the Baby

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

GEORGE W. GILE
One of our loving friends.

Are you having trouble in feeding your baby? Does his food disagree with him? Does he lose in weight? Does it seem as if he never would stop crying? Then Mellin's Food will help your baby and we will prove it, if you will write us just what the trouble is and what you are doing. As soon as your letter reaches us, we will send you a sample of Mellin's Food and a book of helpful directions. We will also write you a personal letter and tell you exactly how to use Mellin's Food for your baby. We have helped thousands of babies and we can help yours—if you will let us.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.